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CLELAND

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

25 MAR 1942

Let's talk of
INTERESTING
PEOPLE

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page. The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Corp. D. C. Hampstead now in West Australia to a friend in Rockdale, N.S.W.:

"ON my last night in Singapore the order was given, 'Every man for himself,' so my friend and I made for the beach.

"We took a boat and rowed out two miles in the hope of getting to one of the islands, but the sea was too rough, so we drew in alongside a 3500-ton boat.

"The gangway was down, so up we went.

"I think you can imagine the first question we greeted the skipper with, and he said, 'Premantle.'

"I'll never forget the feeling of relief that ran through me, and we were only on board two minutes when she drew out, with 32 Aussies on board, and 17 Pommies.

"Food on the boat was light on, and we were rationed to two meals a day, and, by cripes, they were light on.

"Well, that didn't worry us, as land was our only thought, and we arrived in Premantle after 10 days on the water, which seemed like ages."

Pte. H. Hensby, then in Malaya as batman to Major C. Moses, to his wife in Cremorne, Sydney:

"WHAT with driving the car and looking after my Major I have my hands full.

"The Japs bombed the house next to the one we had made our headquarters, and another blighter tried to gun us in the drain.

"At present I am on the biggest oil estate in Malaya, and the native houseboys cannot do enough for me. They helped me to do the washing to-night and gave me hot water to bath in. They even put sandals on my feet after painting them with iodine for tinea.

"I miss a few meals, but when I do get one it is the goods. The houseboys even want to clean my

boots, but I have to draw the line somewhere.

"I have not had a haircut for two months. I think I will put it up in pins or do it like the Indians do theirs."

Pte. J. Sheehan, of Darwin Military Hospital staff, to his sister, Miss Anne Sheehan, Spicer St., Woollahra, N.S.W.:

"OUR first raid will live in my memory for several reasons: (1) Being a spectator of the first raid on Australian soil. (2) I worked the longest hours and did by far the hardest day's work in my life. (3) It was the first time I had ever seen a blue moon. (4) It was the first time I've said my prayers the way they were meant to be said for many a long day.

"It was 7 a.m. and still dark when we heard the ack-ack guns roaring not far away. At about 10 a.m. we saw some dogfights in the sky, but thought they were mock battles.

"The alarm went then, and we grabbed our tin hats and respirators and hastened to our bunk holes. A few minutes later we had our first glimpse of Jap planes, far up in the sky, five or six formations of about seven planes each.

"They were fighters, and soon came down and machine-gunned everything in sight, but fortunately no patients or personnel were injured.

"An hour or so later about 30 bombers hove in sight a few minutes after the alarm went. They came over the same target as the other planes, but this time dropped bombs which, luckily for us, fell well away from the hospital.

"The tin hut where I sleep, however, looks like a colander.

"I started work at 7.30 a.m., went into the operating theatre about 11 a.m., and stayed there until I got into bed about 2.30 a.m. the following morning.

"It sounds pretty tame, but you

Winnie the War Winner



"Well, sergeant, we can't find the ammunition dump, but I guess this will do!"

have an idea of the work entailed in preparing one case for operation; just imagine preparing 25 cases. Still, I didn't mind doing it, as it all helps in the saving of pain, limbs, and life."

Corp. N. Francisco in Palestine to his sister, Mrs. H. Collow, 55 Wilfred Rd., East Ivanhoe, Vic.:

"ONE of the Palestine policemen in Haifa let me direct the traffic for about two minutes.

"I can tell you that copper earns his money, as the traffic is very heavy and tears along at high speed. 'The Palestine policeman is a very picturesque figure—something like a Cossack!'

"He wears a khaki suit in the day-time and a blue one at night.

"He also wears shiny black leggings and high top hat.

"While we were travelling from Haifa to Tiberias a girl threw a great bunch of flowers into our bus, and we were all decked out in flowers when we arrived."

R. Meikle of H.M.A.S. Yarra to Miss C. Bennett, Kalinga, Brisbane:

"DURING the Iranian outbreak a funny incident happened. We had quite a number of casualties to attend to from the Iranian side, so decided to fix them in a hospital.

"Unfortunately there was no light or water on, as the men in charge of the power plant deserted everything when the trouble started.

"I was sent to see what I could do. I started to try and get the engines going, but in the middle of proceedings we were surrounded by some of our Indian (Sikh) soldiers pointing all kinds of guns at us. They wouldn't take any explanations from me and marched the orderly and myself off as prisoners of war to the prison ship.

"The officer in charge was a naval officer and thought it a great joke, and I was immediately released.

"So you see, these Indian soldiers take no risks."

Sgt. Clyde F. Andrews, R.A.A.F., to his mother, Mrs. M. Andrews, Sandgate, Qld.:

"HAVING been appointed to the Perry Command I have been granted 21 days' leave and decided to see New York or bust.

"Came from Montreal to Niagara and then to Quebec, and hiked part of the way to New York. Any fears

as to the outcome of this war are dispelled after travelling through U.S.A.

"The whole country is ablaze with ammunition factories, chemical plants, aeroplane factories, and every kind of war work. Large car factories and musical instrument factories have been converted.

"This hitch-hiking is a wonderful education. I've met hundreds of people and kinds and nationalities and learned much from them. All treat me as a king and will not accept payment.

"The Yanks especially are an education—a little noisy, but so proud of America. No matter what nationality their ancestors were they appear to be all full-blooded Americans and prepared to give everything they have to the war effort.

"Thousands waited all night at the recruiting office to join up as soon as the President declared war.

"One of the most striking examples of the American will to conquer was shown me on the trip down—small barns brilliantly lit up. They were hen-houses. Even the poor old chooks work double shift to keep up with the Yank."

Corp. C. R. Bunn in Syria to his mother, Mrs. G. A. Bunn, The Vicarage, Bungaree, Vic.:

"I've seen quite a lot of Colonel Collett's Circassians.

"Whenever I see them they make me think I am off to a fancy-dress ball.

"They wear black shirts with wide sleeves, wide black trousers tucked into high black knee-length riding boots, and spurs. Across their chests are cartridge-belts.

"They wear an astrakhan hat, and to their wrist is fastened a short lash. Across their back they have a carbine.

"The Circassians are very swarthy, and ride small and very hardy mountain ponies—and can they ride!

"The officer I'm working under is a nice chap and remarkably like Basil Rathbone, the film actor!

"I believe that recently a rumor was spread, as a joke, through the staff of a certain hospital that he was the famous actor and had enlisted in the A.I.F.

"When he called at the hospital nearly every sister managed to find her way through the room to give him a very charming smile and a 'Good morning, Mr. Rathbone,' much to his amazement."



MR. PHILIP WILLKIE

... In the Navy

RECENT recruit in the United States Navy is Philip Willkie, only son of Mr. Wendell Willkie. On leaving Princeton he reported to the Navy recruiting office in New York. Is doing a four months' course at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

When it is completed he will receive a commission as an ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserve.



CAPTAIN G. GEHAN

... Quartermaster

"EVERYTHING for the material welfare of the A.W.A.S. is my responsibility," says Captain Gwen Gehan, describing her job as Quartermaster Staff Officer, Eastern Command, Australian Women's Army Service. She organises and supervises transport, feeding, billeting of the troops.

Held responsible secretarial post in the business world before the war, and was a commandant in the W.A.N.S. before joining the Women's Army.



SIR STANTON HICKS

... Diets for soldiers

CHIEF adviser of Army Catering, and professor of Human Physiology at Adelaide University, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Stanton Hicks has the planning of diets for Australian soldiers, who are among the most scientifically fed troops in the world. Diets are arranged to give maximum in calories.

Sir Stanton made special study of dehydration of foodstuffs when planning emergency rations for the army. A New Zealander, he served with N.Z. forces in the last war.

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YOU, too, can have that attractive figure which everyone admires. You, too, can look lovely and keep in radiant health, if you "slim while you sleep" with the aid of Bile Beans.

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JOHN SANTRY

Murder for Tea

Beginning our intriguing new serial... swift-moving story of baffling mystery.

By
Edith Howie



Kit—wife of Shawn—who tells the story.



Shawn — six-foot-odd of adorable Irishman.

I AM well aware that the beginning of this story will suffer sadly checked against the regulation mystery. Very likely it is my own fault. No doubt I should have been experiencing premonitions of disaster, goose flesh stinging over shoulders and arms, dislike of some one person who would prove to be very definitely not the murderer in the last chapter.

But I didn't. At no single moment. Neither have I any excuse for my remissness. Before the luncheon I was having too grand a time dressing in the modish creation which, while it mightn't make much of a splash in New York, was going to cause plenty of heartburnings in my own home town, to worry about potential murderers and mysterious deaths.

But then Nashiona is small town Middle West and doesn't go in for murders.

Besides, Shawn was sulking.

Shawn is my husband, six foot or so of black Irishman, and I adore him. Wild as a hawk, and subject to racial sulks that make life with him one grand and complicated excitement, he is at once my justification and my excuse for returning to Nashiona at all.

Six years before I had taken the flyer out of Nashiona, confident of making a name for myself in the musical world, I'd been disillusioned swiftly. A bit of a prodigy, show pupil of the town's leading pianist, I had discovered that there were hundreds like me in the East, girls whose talents shone like gold in their home settings only to reveal the falseness of their glittering when tested against the true lode.

Then, before I'd been disillusioned

to the point of confessing my failure by looking for a job, I met Shawn. We met rather ridiculously in a second-hand book shop where we were both trying to buy a tattered copy of Buchanan's "Montrose." Since the shop possessed but the one copy—Shawn's remarks upon this fact were acrimonious in the extreme—the proprietor was distressed. For my own part, I was angry. I had no idea who this arrogant young man could be nor did I care.

The Great Marquis had long been one of my dearest passions, and now, with this biography fairly under my fingers, I had no intention of letting it go to any other claimant.

"If it were anyone but Montrose," I began.

Shawn gave me a melancholy glance. "Then I'd not be wanting it," he said, and on the last words his voice dropped a full octave to plumb soft and husky depths of a sweetness I had not known man's voice possessed.

I wavered. I said weakly, "Perhaps if you lend it to me—?" and "Lend it to you, m'acushla?" said Shawn and his voice lifted. "I'll do better, I promise you."

He tossed the proprietor of the shop a silver dollar, waved away all offers of change, wrapping paper or string, and then, a strong hand under my elbow, swept me masterfully out of the place.

"Don't pull back like that," he adjured me. "I'm not kidnapping you, you know. It's come to me we might make a bit compromise over this fellow and a cup of tea—"

It wasn't until a month later that I learned his "bit compromise" in-

cluded marriage, but by that time I was hopelessly in love and unear-

rose and welcome as he already possessed my heart.

So it was through marriage that I was able to save my face with the people of Nashiona even though that possibility did not occur to me until some weeks after I was Mrs. Shawn Cosgrave in very truth. It was Aunt Alida's letter that opened my eyes.

"We are glad, of course, my dear, that you are happy and we are certain that your husband is all you say of him, but nevertheless those of us who have loved your music cannot but regret that you have been impelled to subordinate your own future to that of your husband's—which, of course, must be the result of such a marriage."

I wrote back soothingly that I would never neglect my music but that since Shawn was old-fashioned and preferred that I keep it for him, I deferred for the present at least to his judgment.

I have said that Shawn was a black Irishman out of Ulster and the north of Ireland. What I haven't said was that, in his own right, he was a celebrity.

The guests started up in surprise and horror as Chatty collapsed.

At twenty-eight, he was the author of six books, four of which had found their way to international best-seller lists. For the rest he is long and lean and hard, always in the pink of condition physically, and alternately upon or in spiritual heights or depths.

Shawn and I'd been married three years before I was able to persuade him to come to Nashiona. The fact that I'd lived there, that I still had friends and relatives there, had no effect upon him. "You left, didn't you?" he'd demanded. "Which is sufficient commentary upon its attractions if you're asking me!"

I said, "Shawn, you idiot! You know very well you haven't an excuse that'll hold water. You're between books—it's only sensible to go now before you start something new. I'm going to write Aunt Lide we'll be there the first!"

Which I did. I believe the news, at once disseminated by our local papers, created quite a furore. And Shawn, once the thing was inevitable and he committed to it, behaved like an angel.

Only when we were finally dragged into the Nashiona depot amid the tremendous hootings of the engine and he had glimpsed the crowd on the platform did he become definitely rebellious. He demanded, "What in heaven's name is that?"

I saw white and gold rosettes plastered upon several masculine overcoat lapels and I restrained an impulse to groan.

"Probably a committee from the Commercial Club," I said.

"And what may they be doing here?"

I said meekly, "Darling, I'm afraid they're here to welcome you."

"Me!" said Shawn. His tone was outraged. "To welcome me! Now, by the black bull of the undying—"

But by this time I'd stopped listening. Because we'd reached the steps and I could see Aunt Lide waiting.

Shawn went right on being charming. Knowing the degrees of insolence of which he is capable, I was proud of him.

Please turn to page 24

THE MAROONING OF BARNY

**Comedy interlude
of a tussle between
two wily rogues.**

IT all started when the estate changed hands, and the new owner came in. He was a retired captain, a decent sort of chap and a thoroughgoing sportsman. Hunting, shooting and fishing were the only things that mattered in life, and when he found there was no decent stretch of water on his land he began to feel miserable.

Although he had only to get into his car and drive five miles to a really fine spot, it didn't suit him for he was one of those fellows who like to feel that they have only to walk down the garden to get their bait.

Well, he wandered over the estate to see if he could find a hollow big enough to be worth flooding, coming back every night smothered in dust. But he found nothing to suit him.

And then his head gardener told him about Devil's Hole.

Nobody was very sure why it had been called Devil's Hole, though there was a local legend about it. This said that once an old widowed farmer married a romantic sort of girl, but as she didn't find the old chap very exciting she crept off one night, stood in a fairy ring, and wished for a handsome young lover.

By bad luck the spell seemed to get a bit mixed up, for the west wind was blowing towards her—over a patch of deadly nightshade, and she was condemned to her magic lover for eternity. What's more, he turned out to be Old Nick.

However, the captain went to see the place, and found it to be just the thing. There was a stream run-



ning through it, and he surmised that an earth dam at the narrow outlet would soon hold in enough water to make it a good breeding place. After that it would be only a matter of a few months before it was a fair-sized lake.

The trouble was that a farmhouse

stood obstinately in the bottom. It looked obstinate, just like its tenant, Barny Maxwell. He was a stocky, contrary little fellow, and the very devil to work for.

The first time he met the captain was when the latter was sising up the place, prodding the ground, and marching up and down as if it were already his. Now Barny wasn't partial to trespassers, not liking even his own relations wandering over his land, so when he came out of the barn and saw the captain, he waved his pitchfork in the air, and never repeated himself for about three minutes, speaking fast.

The captain knew a bit himself, having been in the army, but he refrained as he wanted his lake.

"Just having a look round, Maxwell," he says, friendly like.

"An' 'oo d'you think you are to come trespassin' on my land?" shouts Barny.

"I'm the new owner of the Hall," says the captain, "and I'm looking for a place to make a fishing lake. This seems the right spot, and I want to buy it."

Barny looked as if his eyes might shoot out of his head like cannon balls.

"A lake!" he gulped. And then he said a lot more things before he came down to brass tacks.

"Now look 'ere, feller," he said, nastily. "I lived on this farm as a lad, and my father before me, and though I havna got a son to follow me, here I stays with the land as it is until they put me under the sod. If you was to tell old Westbrook you wanted to buy Devil's Hole to make a lake, he'd have you buried alive in the sand quarry. Now 'op it!"

"You don't own the land, then?" asks the captain, tactful.

"No, I don't. It's part of the Westbrook estate, and the old chap don't like changes. And then he did a lot more swearing, for he'd never cared a hang for the gentry since his first wife ran off with Westbrook's son. Seems to have an effect on people, does that Hole.

Well, the captain always got what he wanted one way or another, and he paid a few courtesy visits to

Barny stayed perched on the chimney, flatly refusing to let the captain rescue him.

Westbrook Manor to see how the land lay.

But just as Barny had said, he found Westbrook a stodgy, conservative old chap, and the captain didn't even bother to mention Devil's Hole. He went to work on the daughter instead. As I said, the captain wanted his lake, and a wife wouldn't be very much in the way with him being out so much.

She was forty-three then, and a dead loss to old Westbrook. He had tried hard with most of the county families, but none of the bachelors were having any, so she remained a spinster. She was a bit of a dragon to look at, but coy and fluttery when the bachelors were about, so the captain didn't have much of a job.

By ANTHONY FIELDING

She let out a scream, and fainted when he proposed. Of course, she chose a soft spot to faint on, and draped herself in an angular mass over a divan. Old Westbrook came dashing in at her scream, flicked his eye round, and flew into a fine rage.

"Why, you hound!" he shouts at the captain. "I'll have you thrown down the steps! Damme, I'll—"

But his daughter came to just in time.

"Father! The dear captain has asked for my hand in marriage," she says, making eyes at the victim, and managing to raise a blush.

Westbrook nearly had a seizure on the spot, but had more presence of mind.

As soon as the engagement was announced, the captain persuaded

Miss Westbrook to talk the old chap round about Devil's Hole. Naturally, she wasn't going to risk losing her one and only chance, and so after a few fits of the vapors, and fainting all over the manor, she managed to arrange it, and Devil's Hole changed hands.

Barny was inarticulate, not being able to find a suitable adjective to go with "captain." The captain went to see him again, and offered him a new house and land on his estate, but Barny set his dog on him. He'd grown before he'd leave he said.

The captain was a bit huffy about the dog business, but he didn't want to get Barny into any trouble with the law, being a kindly sort of chap at heart, so he set about flooding the

farmer out instead. He could have got an eviction order, with him offering a new house and land, but he didn't, which just goes to show how considerate the gentry can be.

Down came a gang of the captain's men to build the dam, and they were going nicely when Barny set his dog loose.

Right into the middle of them it went, snapping and snarling, but not doing much damage as it had lost most of its teeth. It caused more fright than anything the laborers scattering everywhere, and so darn scared of it that they left the job and went back to the Hall.

That was the first time Barny had been known to laugh for years, but he was soon raving again, for the captain got hold of a gipsy who knew how to do things with animals.

Please turn to page 26



GIBBS DENTIFRICE WAGES WAR ON WASTE!



SAVE YOUR TEETH
Gibbs freshens your mouth. Keeps gums firm and pink—teeth dazzling white.



SAVE YOUR CONTAINERS!
and conserve Australia's productive effort. The beautiful Gibbs container can't wear out—keeps smart and new-looking for ages.



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No need to get a container every time you buy Gibbs Dentifrice. Simply buy a refill and save on every purchase. No waste—Gibbs lasts the average person over 5 months.

Gibbs Solid Dentifrice
IN THE ART IVORY CONTAINER



Romantic story of a
man who fell in
love with a legend

BEYOND BEAUTY

By
**CLARA WALLACE
OVERTON**

Angela was silent, absorbed in her thoughts, as Dick drove her home.

DICK LANSING gave the last plate on the buffet table to the girl with the smooth, honey-colored hair. She was standing just behind him. A moment before she had come into the room from what was probably the kitchen in this small suburban house. "Sausage?" he offered gravely, holding one towards her on its little wooden skewer.

She was not pretty, certainly not as pretty as Lucia Monroe, at whose house this young married crowd had gathered for Sunday supper. Nor was this girl as much dressed up as most of these young women.

"Two sausages," she said. Her face had remained as serious as his but she lifted it to look at him. She was still not pretty, but she was beautiful. And it did not seem to make any difference to her.

"Do you double everything?" Dick wanted to know.

"I'm a gambler, if that's what you mean."

Bob Monroe passed them. "Hello, Freddy," he greeted the girl. "Are you seeing that Dick has enough to eat?"

"I don't even know the man, but he seems to be able to take care of himself."

"And you, too," Dick's tone held no doubt of it. "Two olives?" he suggested.

"Four." She smiled for the first time and with it warmth flowed into her face. "You don't belong here."

"No. But I'm willing to stay now."

"Why did you come?" she said thoughtfully. "You're not a lone-

some young man with nothing to do on Sundays. You're not a relative. And you don't look like an old school friend. You were not talking to anybody so you didn't come to sell anything."

He looked down into her flickering eyes and liked what he saw there. "As a matter of fact I came here in pursuit of a legend."

It was perhaps the first time Dick had defined Angela Pearson for himself. But he saw now that she had grown into his mind like that. Angela Pearson was also a drama that must still be going on somewhere as Mrs. Bradley Abbott.

He had never seen Mrs. Bradley Abbott nor even Angela Pearson, but he knew the house where she had lived in Riverton. He also knew all the stories that the town owned about her; they were sparse enough in detail, but through them ran an unobscured quality of gallantry. All his life that quality was something he had wanted to find and keep.

HE wished that he might have known Angela Pearson, he wished that he could have been her friend when she was carrying her head up through the slowing tempo of the Pearson grandeur, through even the swift final tragedy which involved Riverton itself.

The town had long been accustomed to the Pearson scale of living and had not questioned it, but it was quick enough to condemn it when the mills went bankrupt. A large part of the townspeople either worked in the Pearson mills or had money invested in them, and although there had been uneasy rumors, few had actually known the gravity of the situation. No one had thought that tragedy and defeat would ever enter that gay, beautiful house. But it had, Dick knew, when

Mr. Pearson had shot himself. Sally Monroe, who was Angela's friend, had told Dick about it.

"Angela was splendid," Sally told him. "Mr. Pearson had given her the house, but she insisted that it be sold with everything in it, and even her car and jewellery—it wasn't enough, of course, to pay his debts, but it was everything she had. That was like Angela—she always gave everything she had."

Dick Lansing knew Riverton well enough by that time to guess that the town had both resented and admired those qualities in Angela Pearson. She had married Bradley Abbott and was already gone from Riverton when Dick's father had come to take over the closed mills. Dick had wondered about that marriage. Could a girl like Angela be happy in the kind of life that a young chartered accountant could give her in a London suburb?

He had never expected to see Angela until his father sent him to the London office. It was only when Sally's brother, Bob Monroe, had rung up inviting him out for this Sunday afternoon that Dick remembered Sally had said: "If you go out to see Bob and Lucia you may meet Angela. She and Bradley live close by."

But the Sunday afternoon had run to the edge of the evening and the Bradley Abbots had not come. He had watched each arriving couple with interest, certain that he would know them.

The girl called Freddy refused the rather startling salad that Lucia Monroe had concocted. "Don't you know any better than to pursue a legend?" she asked. "Suppose you caught up with it?"

"There doesn't seem to be much chance of that, at least to-day. The legend hasn't shown up."

"That's too bad. Will you tell me about her?"

"Her name was Angela Pearson. Do you know her?"

"Angela Pearson," she repeated as if trying to get used to the sound of the name. Then she seemed to lose interest in it. She looked at her watch. "I must be going," she said, and got up at once.

Dick Lansing stood up, too. It had been foolish to tell her about Angela. One beautiful girl is

seldom interested in hearing about another. "And I must get back to town. Can I drop you anywhere? I'm calling a cab to take me to the station."

"I'll take you to the station," she offered. "My car is outside." She looked at her watch again. "There's a train you can just about catch if we get started."

Once in the car she drove rapidly without talking. Dick's good-bye to his hostess had taken valuable minutes. "I begin to suspect," he said, "that you really intend that I shall catch that train."

"Of course," she said, "the next one isn't till midnight."

Please turn to page 10

For Longest Possible Wartime Wear-

An old salt told a bashful A.B.
"Sailor, learn about women from me!
"If she wears Kayser—fine
"She's a smart thrifty line.
"Hoist signals and hail her with glee!"

KAYSER
MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY

Kayser stockings are faithful friends. Give them the simple care explained on the stocking tab and they'll give you sturdy service.

DEFINITELY I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW!



Stirring drama of France's loyal sons, who still work on in stealth and secret for their country.

By GEORGES SURDEZ

smiled—"but works very well. Fortunately for us. You have not been home for a while? You will travel mostly at night, and few people will see your face clearly."

Ruhault produced a photograph of himself, showing a large, round-faced lad of twenty. The major contrasted this snapshot with the man before him.

"You haven't been home since this was taken?"

"No, sir. You see, I went to Algeria, and stayed two years. Then I volunteered for Syria out of turn. I had no chance to get leave home. I landed at Marzeilles on the eighth of May, and was supposed to get a week home. But you know what happened on the eighth. I was sent to the front. Then I crossed to England."

"You've changed."

"I have grown, sir, and I've served in Syria. I've been sick, at times—wounded once. And I have seen my country defeated."

"Yes, that can't have been very cheery." The major lowered his eyes, offered the Frenchman a cigarette, and went on: "Whether you wear a uniform or not, if the Germans spot you, you'll be arrested. They have a very careful system of checking up on civilians. So it won't hurt to wear a British uniform. You will be supplied with the proper papers. So that if you are caught, you will risk detention, that's all."

Ruhault smiled bitterly. "Oh, if I am arrested around my home, there will be some dog or other to tip off the Boches. There are swine who'll do anything for a hundred francs or a favor to the guys on top."

"Precisely what I was going to speak about. Do not reveal your origin, do not admit understanding patois." The major hesitated then added: "I have noted your name and the address of your parents. In case anything unfortunate occurs, we shall not forget."

The plan had been carried out point by point. Ruhault had parachuted into the darkness, landing safely in a field. He had rolled up his chute, according to instructions, and concealed it in a hollow tree. At the appointed place, his first faint whistle had brought out the volunteer agent, who had taken the crate of pigeons. By dawn, Ruhault had been hidden in the attic of a farmhouse, where he had spent a comfortable day.

To-night, another man had led him to the river, they had crossed in a rowboat. In another farm, a newcomer had joined them: Flying-Officer Wyllis. His plane had crashed near Rouen. With a will power incredible in a man of his soft appearance and gentle speech, he had been on his own for three days and four nights, working patiently towards the coast. A peasant found him asleep under a hedge and had supplied him with shelter and guides.

Please turn to page 18

The men became suddenly attentive as Mother Ruhault, drying her dishes, began singing in a low, sweet voice.

THE Boches have a small outpost about six hundred metres down the road, with two heavy machine-guns," the guide said. "And they have guys on motorcycles going around, but they travel very fast, can't see much, and never stop at the farms."

"How frequent are those patrols?" the British flying-officer asked. His French was correct, but accented.

"That depends, monsieur. Sometimes more than others. For instance, when there have been some of your planes flying about, they're all over the place, with search-lights."

He seemed to see through the darkness, led them through the woods at a good pace. He spoke in a normal voice; that he would be executed if the Germans discovered that he aided British agents did not seem to weigh on his mind. "But monsieur need not fret. I shall hide him with good people."

"You are very amiable."

"Oh, monsieur, one does what one can."

Their chatter irritated Sergeant-Pilot John Collins. Day was not so far away, when they might be discovered. The officer was in uniform and had little to fear beyond being taken as a prisoner of war. But he, Collins, also in British uniform, might be identified by someone as Jean-Pierre Ruhault, local boy, a born Frenchman, hence not a regular but a partisan, for the Free French forces were not accepted as belligerents by the Nazis. That would mean an armed squad in short order.

THE STRONG of HEART

And he would be shot at Brestmont, the nearest village, so that his mother would hear all about it. Her heart was bad, had been bad for years. Ruhault was beginning to regret having volunteered so readily for this mission without knowing what it involved. The order had been so simple when the captain had read it off in camp: "Men familiar with the following regions of France, their geographical details and dialects, are invited to report themselves for special duty."

Ruhault had given his qualifications, had been instructed to present himself before a British major in London.

"You speak English remarkably well," the major had said. "What schools did you attend?"

"Country schools in France, sir," Ruhault had replied. "But I was restless, did not like farm labor very much, and ran away very early. The sea was but sixty kilometres from us. I worked on sailing boats taking vegetables from Brittany to England. Also I learn languages easily."

"You speak the Normandy dialect?"

"Naturally, sir. I also speak Breton and Flemish. We had sailors in our crews from all over northern France. I was sergeant-observer in our aviation, sir, in Syria, and I also speak Arabic, but not very well."

"You remained in England voluntarily, Ruhault?"

"Yes, sir. I am convinced the war is not over for France."

"Let us hope you are right," the major had approved with a smile. "How would you like to take a trip to France?"

Ruhault had felt as if he had sunk to his thighs in ice-cold water. So that was the idea—they wanted him to go back as a spy. He did not like the prospect, but what was there to say? One could not tell that cool fellow that one was afraid. He had nodded vaguely.

"You're the only man who quite fills the specifications," the officer went on. "You know the region we are interested in, can note the changes. You understand maps? Naturally, if you are an observer. You have done parachute work?"

Splendid. If you are lucky, the whole thing will not keep you out of England a week.

"You will land about here." The tip of a pencil indicated the spot. "The nearest German posts are here—and here—and here—little danger of being discovered; you have eight square kilometres to land in. By keeping the loop of the river on your right, you will surely reach this road. Follow it until you get here, and cut across to here—"

"That's a quarry, sir."

"Exactly, I see that you do know the ground. Someone will be waiting for you, to whom you will deliver a package entrusted in your care upon taking off—"

"Explosives, sir?" Ruhault's eyes widened.

"No, my dear chap—" The major chuckled: "Pigeons."

"Pigeons?"

"A dozen pigeons. Carrier pigeons, you understand? The Hun is constructing something or other in a cave, three miles from the bridge. Probably nothing more than barges. But we're interested. What it is—that's not your job to find out. We have two or three good volunteer agents. But it may be important for us to know immediately if a move is made. Radio messages can be intercepted, as we discover, sets discovered, seized. Pigeons, the oldest method, often prove the best."

"That's all I have to do?"

"Practically all. The man who meets you will tell you where to go, and you will be helped from place to place to an embarkation point for England. The service is subject to changes without notice"—the major

WHY, PEG—NOT COMING TO THE PARTY?

A LEVER PRODUCT.



Then Peggy became a LUX CHANGE DAILY GIRL

IM PEG'S FRIEND NOW. I KEEP UNDIES FRESH AND SWEET. SAVE STOCKING LADDERS TOO!

Successful women—in love or work—are dainty always. It's so easy nowadays.



5.529-2WW

HOME AGAIN—A.I.F. nurses from Malaya



SISTER MARGARET ANDERSON, who, with Sister Tourney, is now famous throughout Australia for her heroism during a bombing attack on the ship in which A.I.F. nurses returned home from Malaya.



SISTER FRANCES CULLEN, of Sydney, pays high tribute to the A.I.F.



SISTER BENNOS ATWOOD, of Victoria, who is home from Malaya.



SISTER VERA TOURNEY, one of the heroines of a bombing attack on the A.I.F. nurses' voyage home from Singapore.

They all praise the boys they left behind them

They worked night and day through eighteen nightmare days in Singapore . . . they lay on the floor through an air raid with chairs over their heads . . . they sang community songs while bombs rained down on their crowded little ship . . . they slept on the floor of a meat hold . . . they shielded the bodies of wounded soldiers with their own bodies . . . And now, safe with their families in their own homes, sixty A.I.F. nurses from Malaya say, "We did what little we could."

They talk proudly of Matron Paschke, and the heroism of Sister Tourney and Sister Anderson, and of the superb courage and unselfishness of their Digger patients, but they are reticent about their own personal hardships.

AMONG the arrivals are Sister Margaret Anderson, of the 13th A.G.H., and Sister Vera Tourney, now famous for their bravery in one of the bombing attacks on the ship. They shielded a wounded gunner with their bodies.

"While we were talking to some of our men on deck, the alert sounded and we went into the mess-room for shelter," Sister Anderson said. "Bombs were dropped and a fire broke out."

"There was a badly-wounded Australian boy who had been manning one of the guns. The place was choked with smoke, so Tourney and I carried him out to the open deck and the two of us crouched over him."

"Then another wounded gunner was brought along and we tried to cover them both. Bullets were flying everywhere and we will never understand how we managed to avoid one ourselves."

"Later we got our patients back into the messroom, and a wonderful Irish doctor in the R.A.F. gave Tourney some morphia and a syringe and we used them as much as we could."

"Both our patients died, and I will never forget that mine managed to smile at me, and even give me a friendly wink."

"When we had the burials at sea it was the most pathetic and heart-breaking scene, and when we sang 'Abide With Me' we were all just too heartbroken for words."

"We just had to do what we could the best way we could," Sister Tourney added when she had to retell the story.

"We were listening to the 1.30 p.m. news in our hospital in Malacca when Matron Paschke received a message that twenty of us were to be ready to leave at 2.30 p.m.," said Miss Thelma Gibson, Queensland masseuse with the 10th A.G.H.

"The men at the hospital were surprised. They did not think

twenty women could get ready for a journey so quickly.

"We had only been in our converted boarding-house for twenty-four hours when the first casualties arrived."

"The masseuses worked as V.A.D.'s. We had a most exciting time—working in the kitchens, serving meals, making beds, and between times just for a change we fixed up plaster splints."

"After eighteen crowded, unforgettable days we were told early one morning to get ready to leave."

"Don't bother to comb your hair," Colonel Glynn White told us.

"We spent a couple of hours in the Adelphi Hotel during a heavy bombing. We lay hugging the floor with chairs over our heads."

Win Shirley doll or Rooney boxing-gloves

EXTRA special prizes of a glorious Shirley Temple doll and a splendid set of Mickey Rooney boxing-gloves, gifts of these stars themselves, are waiting to be won in the £5000 Red Cross Dream Home Art Union.

Every ticket-holder whose ticket butt is in by April 15 will have a chance to win one of these wonderful special prizes in addition to the Dream Home itself and the other prizes in this splendid Art Union.

For details, see page 26

hoping the walls were strong enough to stand up to the blast."

"We had to do frequent dives for cover when we went aboard our little ship."

"Our quarters in the meat hold were quite clean, but they had a peculiar musty smell which still clings to the few things I brought back."

"We had a marvellous R.A.F. corporal looking after us."

"He was like an old daddy to us, passing down dainties of food and leading us in community singing when the bombs were falling."

"At night he would call down the hold, 'Are you ready for bed?' then turn out our one light."

"We had a little water each day for a very inadequate wash and to clean our teeth."

"Our staircase out of the hold was a perpendicular steel ladder. We had no palliasses, so slept on our hold-alls and belongings."

"At Batavia we were moved on to a Dutch ship. We spent a night aboard, in a clean hold with straw palliasses to sleep on."

"But we were very glad to go 'home' on to our battered little ship. She had carried us safely through the terrors of bombing, and we knew her crew. Also we knew she was coming to Australia."

"We have no words to talk about Matron Paschke," Miss Bonnie Howgate, Sydney masseuse with the 10th A.G.H., said.

"When word came that more beds were needed for a new convoy of wounded she said:

"Come on, kids, we'll get the beds up."

"I can still see her with her sleeves rolled up and her cape off, standing on top of a huge heap of mattresses, throwing them down to us."

"She didn't just direct the hospital. She worked among us all the time."

"A month before hostilities began she had everybody busy making stocks of dressings. They were all packed up ready for if and when we had to move. So we were never short of this equipment."

"The courage and unselfishness of our men are something to remember all our lives."

"Patients on the mend worked in the wards for us."

"A man would 'adopt' a comrade, feeding him, making his bed, washing him, cheering him up, and would be very resentful if someone else attempted to do anything for his particular patient."

"One lad came in so badly wounded we were afraid he would go before we could get him into bed."

"A fortnight later a big convoy of wounded came in. While our backs were turned this lad got out of his bed, took clean linen from the store cupboard, made up the bed, and put his bedding on the floor."

"Here you are, Sis," he said, "Here's another bed ready."

"Some of our orderlies who were ill in bed got up when the first convoy of wounded came in. They didn't even wait for their clothes, but went on duty in their pyjamas."

"The brightest moments in our busy days were the reunions."

"A new batch of wounded might include men who had been lost

behind the Japanese lines for days until after appalling hardships they had rejoined their units."

"They would be brought into the ward and there'd be a shout down the room, 'Well, if it isn't old So-and-So!'"

"We were able to obtain a plentiful supply of fresh milk for the patients, and for the very sick ones we were able to provide ice-cream, jellies, and junkies."

"We had 72 hours to evacuate our beautiful hospital in Johore," said Sister Frances Cullen, of the 13th A.G.H.

"We took out our uniforms and greatcoats and carried them on our arms. That was the last time we opened our cabin trunks."

"They were later used to make a baffle wall at our Singapore hospital."

"There was 150 dollars in our sisters' mess fund, so we distributed it among our Chinese boys, who had worked so splendidly for us."

Beds in chapel

ASCHOOL was converted into our hospital in Singapore. We had 100 beds when we started.

"The night we left we had 1000 patients. We had to put them on the floors, in the quartermaster's store, even in the little chapel, where we had boarded off the altar."

"The boys were marvellous. The night a bomb hit the hospital, boys in the lower wards came up to bring tea to their comrades and reassure them."

"One of our most wonderful helpers was Padre Marsden, a brother of Major Marsden, the registrar of the 10th A.G.H."

"The Padre worked as a stretcher-bearer, gave anaesthetics, made tea, did anything we asked him."

"We will never forget the courage and unselfishness of the men of the A.I.F. In the last days on the island they were begging us to let them leave the hospital."

"Even the ones with limb injuries said they could be carried to a gun and could be beside it to fire it."

"We all hated leaving the boys. The night we left we were all in

tears. Matron Drummond said to us, 'Stop crying, girls, and try to look bright,' ignoring the fact that the tears were streaming down her own face."

"Matron Drummond was a wonderful influence in the hospital. She found time to go round regularly and have a chat with every patient. The masseuses did a wonderful job, too. We had three in their early twenties, two from S.A. and one from Melbourne, who put themselves in charge of convoys, scrubbed floors, and even worked in the theatre."

"Our quarters were several hundred yards from the hospital. We lived in a beautiful home that had been evacuated, but it was not very restful."

"We had a landmine in our front garden, and ack-ack guns three doors away, and the shells used to whizz over our heads."

"Before we left Johore we were much more frightened of possible parachutists than bombs."

"One night we were warned there might be parachute landings, and were issued with Red Cross arm-bands. In the middle of the night we saw lights flickering in the jungle and thought, 'Here they come!'"

"We felt very silly when we were told they were only fireflies."

"We established three hospitals on the ship—the English nurses, the 10th, and ourselves. There were several English doctors on board and the nurses had left their respirators behind, packing their haversacks with dressings, morphia, hypodermics, sulphamidamide, and a few rations."

"We wore our battle dress for fifteen days, from Singapore to Fremantle, but managed to rinse out our underwear in salt water. Our lipsticks came with us all the way, though we didn't use them much."

"We played bridge a couple of times in our meat hold, but we really couldn't concentrate much, and, of course, we all did our hours of duty in the ship's hospital each day."

"We all feel we have been very lucky; in fact, several of us bought lottery tickets when we arrived home."



MISS BONNIE HOWGATE, of Sydney, and Miss Thelma Gibson, of Brisbane, two masseuses who worked as V.A.D.'s, scrubbing floors, making beds, preparing meals.

Editorial

MARCH 28, 1942

A FIGHTING PARTNERSHIP

THE fighting partnership of Australia and the United States has taken another stride forward.

Arrival of MacArthur, hero of the Philippines, to be supreme commander of Allied Forces in the Anzac area, gave us a military leader all will be proud to follow—a man who's proved himself at the job he has to do, lead an army that will beat the Japs.

He's not the only veteran of war with the Japs among our forces.

Many of our own R.A.A.F. boys who shot down the enemy over Malaya are back in Australia. They're being stationed among home-based squadrons so they can pass on what they've learned in combat.

In the air with them in the battle for Australia they have American partners, U.S. Air Force men who are now at battle stations in Australia.

The Diggers, too, have stalwart Yanks beside them ready to share any fighting that comes on Australian soil.

Australia welcomes these men as reinforcements to her own strength, as fighting men who will care for the common cause as strongly as the Diggers.

And the presence of Dr. Evatt in Washington will provide the contact necessary to keep the Australian view well to the fore in discussions and arrangements necessary in a fighting partnership like this.

The Americans are going to fight in Australia to save America as well as Australia. So are we.

If together we have to hurl the Japanese off Australian soil, both Yanks and Diggers will know that American homes are being saved at the same time.

—THE EDITOR.

This place is just like home...



AMERICAN-STYLE COFFEE for American Air Force men R. H. Lane and Eddie H. Elsworth, at the California Coffee Shop. Pte. Lane, who hails from Hollywood, is brother-in-law to film actor Brian Donlevy. Eddie is a test pilot.



PRETTY ROSE MITCHELL, of the Australian Women's Flying Club, dances at Prince's with Lieutenant Gilbert Portmore, who now obeys bugles instead of blowing them. Gilbert was trumpet-player with Mal Hallett's band in New York, also played with Bob Crosby and his Bobcats, and his brother is manager of Glenn Miller's famous band. No wonder he can swing it on the dance floor!

Americans like us—and I found them a lot of good guys, too

By DOROTHY DRAIN

"Boy, I wouldn't know I'd had a boat ride. This place is just like home." That's the way Private J. F. Williams, of the United States Army, summed up Australia when I met him on a tour in search of typical Americans.

I found a lot of Americans, and they were all happy about their reception and eager, as we are, "to get the job over."

"WE'RE mighty pleased to be here," a 22-year-old Southern boy said.

"We've read plenty about your soldiers overseas, and we've met them here, and we'll be proud to fight alongside them, ma'am."

"Big Mac's the man for the job," the soldiers said when they were asked about General MacArthur.

"No, I can't say I know him personally," drawled one with a grin, "but we hear about him, you know."

In some parts, trams, buses and cafes are brimming over with "the Yanks."

In one suburban tram I heard a mother telling her three-year-old son that those big army trucks belonged to President Roosevelt. In other places favorite pastime of the residents is to see whether they can pick which are American machines.

Dollar's worth

AND there is our neighbor across the road who swears he can tell the sound of the engines. "I hope you're as smart if the Jap planes come over," says his wife cynically.

Currency difficulties are being overcome. "I can think just as easily in dollars as in shillings now," says the cashier at a popular coffee shop with an American name.

The Americans fraternize with our soldiers and airmen, and soon give up pitching one another tall tales, since honors are even in inventive powers.

"My, you've got a lot of white

people here," wisecracked a young air-force lieutenant drinking coffee in a crowded cafe.

I looked at him suspiciously. "Down from Java and the Philippines," he explained with a smile.

He and his friend, another airman, weren't anxious to talk about themselves.

One admitted, under pressure, that he'd been shot down near Sourabaya.

"The ship caught fire," was the way he put it. "She crashed into the water. Water put the fire out, you see, and I got out."

"Strained my back a bit, but nothing much. I was flying next day."

These two had flown to Australia. "You see we didn't know what islands to land on for sure. We didn't know which were in Jap hands and which in Allied."

"We were lucky. We didn't make any mistakes," said one dryly.

Getting information from these two boys about themselves was a slow and trying process. But just mention the name of Brigadier-General George, who served in the Philippines in the air corps under General MacArthur.

"Now that's a guy you can give all the build-up you want to," they said. "There's not a man in that air corps who wouldn't follow him to hell."

"And there's another of our guys we're proud of who is somewhere in Australia. He's Captain Wagner, D.F.C. Went out one day by himself and shot down two Jap planes in the air and 12 on the ground."

"He's the only man I ever saw who'd rather fight than eat."

Sitting alone in the foyer of an hotel was a man with a weather-beaten face stamped seaman all over. His army uniform belied it,

but he had been a merchant seaman before the war.

"Waal, last place I was settled in before that was Hollywood, but I wasn't a ham," he said.

"I'm an ammunition officer. We're the most unpopular boys of the lot. Everyone gives us a wide berth. One of these days there'll be an explosion, and that'll be me," he added philosophically.

In the brown-out I found Thomas Budwah, who comes from Louisiana. He looked no more than a school-boy, and he isn't.

Sixteen is his age, "but, of course, I wasn't caught in the draft," he explained.

"I didn't like school, so I ran away last year and joined up, and I'm mighty glad I did. My folks don't know where I am now."

Folks at home

THAT'S the chief worry of many of the Americans, especially those who have been in the Indies or the Philippines.

"We could have posted a letter at the corner, you know," one said, "but the postman didn't call. So it wasn't much good. My people knew I was alive in January, and I guess it'd be a comfort to them to know I was alive right now."

Like our own men they are drawn from every branch of civil life. One airman was a salesman for a well-known firm of fountain pen makers. A soldier, formerly a sheet-metal worker, is known as "Ham" because he used to be an amateur wireless

enthusiast. Another used to work in "Papple's bakery."

A farmer from Minnesota looked wistful when he spoke of his pre-war life, "but there's only one place to be in a war," he said, "and that's among the fighting."

And, like our own men, they're proud of their own country, and pleased to talk about it.

"Quit braggin'," said one to his friend who was holding forth about the wonders of American roads and buildings.

His Australian listeners didn't mind. They liked to think their own Diggers in the Middle East, in England, and in Malaya had sung the praises of their own land and their own home towns.

Exchanging slang is one of the favorite recreations of Australians and Americans when they meet.

"I notice," one said to me seriously, "that when you say bloke you mean guy."

Another found minor trouble about the distinction between boots and shoes.

"This," he said, pointing to a man's shoe, "is what we call an Oxford or a slipper, and those," pointing to his army boots, "are shoes."

"We call our kit bags barracks-bags, and our soldiers say gear for equipment."

"But at least," he added, "we all mean the same thing by Jap—and maybe you know some of the words for those, too, ma'am."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

Candid camera with an American accent . . .



WELCOME AND WELL-MET. This handsome young lieutenant was the first American to meet our cameraman.



SMILING APPROVAL. Twenty-three years old, he was an accountant six months ago. He's a fighting soldier now.



SAMPLING OUR PIES. Wearing regulation togs with leather flying-jacket, this Yankee private sampled the Australian brand of pie at the Railway Kiosk. "Not a hot-dog, but pretty good," he says to fellow-snacker Judy Fallon.



BUDDIES. An American and an Aussie get together on a discussion of just how they'll win the war together. Many staunch friendships have already been formed.



BROKEN FINGER. But such a minor injury doesn't deter this Lieutenant of American Air Corps from going out dancing on leave. Smiling V.A. Sue Lowther is his partner.



AMONG THE GIRLS. American flier with some of the Red Cross Beach Girls. "I'll say they're peaches," he said.



DEVIL'S OWN. Insignia of his squadron is worn by this lieutenant. The Americans won't hand over their flying-jackets even to a cloakroom attendant.



ROLL OUT THE BARREL. It was great fun among the attractions at an amusement park. But it meant a spill for this American soldier and the pretty Australian girl he escorted.



IT'S A DATE. Lieutenant on leave telephones a friend, "Can you bring a pal?"



YANK MEETS YANK. A private of the American Air Corps went backstage to meet American star of the Tivoli show, Marjorie Lou, and chat about the old home-towns.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ 49th PARALLEL

(Week's Best Release)

Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, (GBD.)

TREMEUDOUS interest is aroused at the release of this powerful British anti-Nazi drama.

Its message of freedom for the democracies is voiced in stirring speeches by Howard and Walbrook.

The plot is quite beyond the realms of fact, but the acting is so magnificent and the rugged Canadian setting so beautiful that the improbability does not matter.

The story tells the adventures of six survivors from a Nazi U-boat who try to escape from Canada after their ship has been sunk by Royal Canadian Air Force bombers.

The film is rather loosely constructed, and at times lacks continuity, but the treatment is graphic and it provides a shattering glimpse of the cold ruthlessness and brutal inhumanity of the Nazis.

Apart from the stirring adventure and dramatic setting, this film features an unprecedented list of top-ranking stars.

Leslie Howard, as the cultured writer who falls victim to Nazi sadism, gives his usual charming and sincere portrayal, and Laurence Olivier is magnificent as the French-Canadian trapper who tries to thwart the sinister German agent.

The casting is excellent: Raymond Massey as the carefree Canadian soldier, Anton Walbrook, leader of the Hitlerites, and newcomer Eric Portman, playing a Nazi naval officer, all vie for acting honors.

The only feminine role goes to diminutive, 17-year-old Glynnis Johns as the simple Hitlerite girl. Mayfair, showing.

★★ GIRL IN THE NEWS

Margaret Lockwood, Barry K. Barnes, (MGM.)

THIS is a gripping melodrama, superbly directed by Carol Reed and competently acted.

The plot deals with a pretty nurse (Margaret Lockwood), who is twice wrongfully accused of murder, and is twice acquitted through the efforts of a brilliant young lawyer (Barry K. Barnes).

Cleverly and consistently the director exacts the utmost from every aspect of the story, and introduces dramatic incidents relieved by sudden flashes of humor.

Only disappointment in the film is Emyln Williams, who makes brief, rather unsatisfactory appearances as the sinister butler. —St. James, showing.

★★ THE FEMININE TOUCH

Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche, (MGM.)

HERE is a light-as-air comedy about a professor of psychology (Don Ameche), who writes a book denouncing jealousy, and his pretty wife (Rosalind Russell), who sets out to prove him wrong.

The plot is further complicated by the entrance of a playboy publisher (Van Heflin) and his glamorous assistant (Kay Francis).

The dialogue fairly bristles with wisecracks, and there are plenty of amusing situations, although these tend to drag a little.

Designer Adrian is responsible for the glamor clothes worn by Rosalind and Kay. —St. James, showing.

★ UNDER FIESTA STARS

Gene Autry, (BEF.)

THIS is such a dull and stereotyped cowboy yarn that even the Gene Autry fans will be bored.

When Pop Erwin is fatally injured in a mine accident, he leaves his estate to his pretty niece (Carol Hughes) and trusted friend Gene Autry.

Carol wants to sell the mine, and is provoked at Autry's refusal, and



RODDY McDOWALL was thrilled when his father, who is in the British Merchant Marine, visited him at Fox studio, when his ship called at Los Angeles. Mr. McDowall is shown above (right) with Tyronne Power, John Carradine and Roddy.

Our Film Gradings

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

a tiresome series of misunderstandings follows.

There is plenty of action, and Gene sings a few new songs, but his deeds of incredible daring and continuous, toothy smile both pall. —Capitol, showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama. —Liberty; 14th week.

★★ Pimpernel Smith. Leslie Howard in enthralling adventure. —Lyceum; 3rd week.

★ Nothing But the Truth. Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard in amusing farce. —Prince Edward; 5th week.

★★ Suspicion. Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant in suspenseful drama. —Century; 13th week.

★ A Yank in the R.A.F. Tyronne Power, Betty Grable in enthralling topical romance. —Regent; 2nd week.

Beyond Beauty

Continued from page 5

THEY pulled into the station just as the train rounded the bend. "Look here," he said with sudden positiveness, "I don't want to go on that train. I want to stay and talk to you."

"But you can't do that. I've got to get back to my own ivory tower. It was definite."

"Will you lunch with me in town to-morrow then?"

"No."

"Tuesday?"

"No."

"Wednesday?"

"Hurry, or you will miss your train," she said.

"Wednesday," he insisted, "or I shall miss the train."

"All right. Wednesday," she agreed.

"I'll telephone you Wednesday morning." His hand on the carriage door he turned again. "Hi, Freddy! What's your name?"

The train was just beginning to move. She took half a dozen steps with it to make sure that he heard.

"Angela Abbott."

Her amused voice carried clearly through the soft night air. All the way it returned to him again and again like a mocking voice. Angela Abbott. He did not fail to notice that she had said Angela Abbott, not Angela Pearson.

By the end of two weeks Dick Lansing had stopped calling her Angela Pearson even to himself. Perhaps he believed that he no longer thought of her that way. Gradually the girl who for so long had filled his imagination dissolved into the young woman who had lunched with him in town. Angela had made it quite clear over the lunch table that day just why she had accepted his invitation. Her reason for seeing him, she said, was because she wanted to dispel all that silly legend business.

She did not like to be a legend, and she wanted to forget Angela Pearson. She was frank about it.

"All that," she waved a slender golden-brown hand as if sweeping it away from her with the words, "is past. I can't have Angela Pearson about even; she wouldn't fit into this life here."

Dick Lansing saw that there was fear for her in the memory of Angela Pearson. He understood that she would want to forget that last incident, but why was she afraid of all that had been lovely in her life up to that time—unless her present life had given her not enough to balance that earlier beauty.

"Have you been able to cast out all of Angela Pearson? It seems too bad so completely to reject her," Dick asked.

"There you go again," she interrupted without apology, "into the legend. And I can't bear it," she added presently in a lower, very quiet voice.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. He was afraid, then, that she wouldn't want to see him again because he reminded her of things she wanted to erase. He realised suddenly that he was much older than Angela for only youth hopes it can forget by running away.

"I'm not at all like the girl you had imagined," she was saying. "Remember that you didn't even suspect who I was."

"No," he admitted frankly. "I didn't. But I like you."

She laughed, crinkling her nose with an utter carelessness about what it did to her profile. "And I like you," she said without embarrassment. Their eyes met levelly and hers did not falter or withdraw.

"Bradley may not get back this week-end, but the crowd will be at my house for supper Saturday night. Would you like to come out?"

"May I come early?"

She was drawing on her gloves.

"On the whole I think you should come early and get a picture of a suburban housewife getting ready for a supper party."

He accepted the invitation with alacrity. Suddenly he wanted to know Mrs. Bradley Abbott better.

In the days that followed he learned many things about Mrs. Bradley Abbott. She lived in a small detached house that could have stood a coat of paint; outside it was like practically every other house in the neighborhood, but in furnishing it Angela had avoided the crowded, overstuffed cosiness of the others.

He did not see Bradley that first week-end; Bradley was away on an auditing circuit in Somerset and Dorset, but he was managing to get in quite a lot of golf at the same time.

The Abbotts and their crowd did not belong to the best golf club in their suburb; they frankly couldn't afford it. But they took all the fun that was to be had out of a neighboring and not so well-kept course. Dick played with Angela and the Monroes on the Sunday following Angela's supper party. Bob and Lucia apologised a little all that day for the course, for the club house, and for the indifferent dinner which they ate there afterwards. They were flattered by Dick's presence now that Bob's sister, Sally, had written to explain exactly who the Lansings were in Riverton.

Dick noticed, however, that Angela apologised for nothing. She had enjoyed the game and had been healthily angry at her own deficiencies.

"You would be a good golfer if you played more," Dick told her as they were driving home.

"I can't afford it and I haven't the time for it," she explained.

"What takes so much of your time?" He was frankly curious.

"Keeping house — I'm afraid I'm not very good at it."

He had but a vague idea of all the things keeping house implied, but he had been amazed and almost resentfully admiring at the efficient ease with which she had served supper for ten or twelve people the night before. He had driven out at five o'clock to find the house all ready, but some shopping to do at the local stores.

HE had driven her round to them, and she had left him in the car for rather a long time while she waited her turn inside. Another thing he learned about Angela Abbott was that she lived on a budget.

He saw her as much as he could manage during the time that Bradley was away, but except for that first luncheon in town it was always in company of the Monroes or the larger crowd which milled about them. Neighbors, golfing friendships, or business associations accounted for these young couples being together in a group and they had, Dick observed, definite if unstated working rules. They drank only at week-ends; they were conservative in politics and shrewd about insurance policies. They approved divorce but hoped to avoid it themselves. Their points of view came out in scraps of talk in some implied disapproval.

Angela said nothing about any of these things. She seemed content to let the other wives talk and Dick observed that they always talked to Angela as if testing their views against hers. She was never, it seemed, interested in abstract situations.

The week that Bradley was coming home, Dick assembled the facts that he had learned about him from Angela. Taking away half of what Angela had said it still left Bradley quite a person. He did not make much money yet, but he was ambitious, tireless, single-minded.

He decided to ask her to lunch in town again.

She couldn't lunch that week at all, she said. There was something planned for every day up until Friday and Bradley was coming home that day. It was quite by accident that he learned she was meeting Lucia for a matinee on Wednesday. "Why don't you two have cocktails with me afterwards," he invited.

Please turn to page 15

Cable news from studios!

By VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

NOW that her husband, Gene Raymond, is in the Army Air Force Combat Command, friends predict that Jeanette MacDonald may give up her screen career.

She has cancelled plans for her annual summer concert tour this year in order to devote all her time to her husband—and it is said she is getting ready to sell her Hollywood home.

PARAMOUNT still can't make up its mind about which actress will play Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Likeliest bet, Vera Zornina, has gone back to the studio for another test.

SUFFERING, but not so seriously, are Betty Davis, from plomaine poisoning; Betty Grable, recovering from a stomach injury, sustained while practising a dance routine; and Ida Lupino, now in hospital.

CHARLES BOYER and Merle Oberon are considered hot bets for the star roles in "Frenchman's Creek," film version of the Daphne du Maurier best-selling novel.

PARAMOUNT has suspended Ellen Drew for refusing to play a role in the musical, "Priorities, 1942."

FILM make-up expert Buddy Westmore had a bright thought the other day. He visited Los Angeles, where he gave a complimentary make-up to each woman member of the crew of a Russian ship lying in the harbor.

DECLARING she was tired of Tarzan roles, Maureen O'Sullivan left Metro this week, and signed with producer Sol Lesser. Simultaneously Johnny ("Tarzan") Weissmuller left Metro for the same reason and also signed with Lesser. Now the producer has announced that he will team the pair in a new Tarzan story!

LAURENCE OLIVIER's seven-year-old son, Torquin, will make his film debut in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Eagle Squadron," playing with his mother, Jill Esmond, Olivier's first wife.

WARREN WILLIAM tells me that he will be giving another Anzaco benefit party soon. Warren is now a member of the California State Cavalry, some of whose horses were supplied by Snowy Baker, popular Australian sportsman, who lives in Hollywood.

DURING a yachting trip before the war, director Tay Garnett filmed a thousand feet of Japanese backgrounds. Now he has donated the film to the United States Government for technical study.

TINY blonde actress Mary Carlisle married aviator James Blakely this week—after a seven-year friendship.

BETTE DAVIS, that indefatigable amateur talent hound, discovered Ernest Anderson, a negro youth, reading poetry on the radio. Now she's got him a contract with Warner.

JACKIE COOGAN'S son, John, born only a fortnight ago, has already been offered film work. Jackie refused, but said he approved of a screen career for his son—when the baby is older.

FORMER screen actress Andrea Leeds has given birth to a girl, whom she has named Lee, after the baby's grandmother. Andrea retired from the screen two years ago after her marriage to Robert Howard, wealthy motor car dealer.

WHILE touring U.S. Army camps Gene Tierney learnt that her husband, Count Cassini, was ill—so Gene straightway flew to his bedside, and Nancy Kelly carries on with the tour in Gene's place.

ROCHELLE HUDSON has been named in a divorce suit brought against actor Quentin Smith, who is being sued by his mistress wife. Rochelle, who is the wife of writer Hal Thompson, said she "dated" Smith merely to give him necessary publicity to aid his career.

The
Movie
World



ROBERT TAYLOR

**spends his day off
in trout stream**

● Amateur sportsman, rancher, and pilot, Robert Taylor, MGM star, who is doing great work for the U.S. Defence Bonds drive, is a keen fisherman. Given a day off during the making of "Johnny Eager," Bob bundled his fishing-rod, lines into the back of his station waggon and headed for the cool stretches of the San Gabriel River, where the trout bite well.

● He didn't fill the basket you see slung over his shoulder, but he did catch some fish for the pan and had a thoroughly enjoyable day on the scenic trout stream. Just to keep his hand in, Bob whips a line now and again in the swimming pool at home—which shows just how keen an angler he is. And his wife, Barbara Stanwyck? She thinks fishing dull.

BEAUTY MASK



Awaken the sleeping beauty of your skin with LOURNAY BEAUTY MASK. Let the gentle magic of this supreme achievement of modern cosmetic science remove the blemish-making impurities that lurk in the pores. As a supplement to your daily skin care, Lournay Beauty Mask reveals your skin in its true and exquisite transparency. The simple application of Lournay Beauty Mask enables you to have an exclusive salon treatment in your own home and the Mask does its good work while you sleep.

LOURNAY BEAUTY MASK refines the pores and clears away blemishes. Paint a thin film of Beauty Mask over the entire face . . . massage lightly into the skin . . . then a heavier application which is left on overnight.

10/7



LOURNAY CLEANSING CREAM efficiently removes all traces of Beauty Mask and massages away all impurities brought to the surface of the skin.

4/9

Lournay

COSMETICS



BOTH ARE DOING WELL

When precious health is at stake, nursing and expectant mothers need this guarantee of safety.



TO be completely safe for nursing and expectant mothers, a laxative must be free from harsh drugs and intestinal irritants. That is why doctors recommend genuine Laxettes.

Laxettes are safe. They contain no irritants—no habit-forming drugs. They bring quick relief without forcing—without causing strain or discomfort. And because they cause no digestive upsets, and do not taint the milk, they're the perfect medicine while baby is being breast-fed.

Laxettes are backed by a 30 year reputation that in itself is your greatest guarantee of satisfaction. So when you order a medicine, make sure you order Genuine Laxettes. Look for the name on the lid.



LAXETTES

CORRECT FAULTY ELIMINATION

STANDARD SIZE (10 Tablets) 1/7d. TRIAL SIZE 6 1/2d.



LOSE 30 LBS. FAT

THE EASY WAY I DID



AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER
"I was 30 but looked 40—I was so fat. I starved myself but the fat stayed. It seemed hopeless until a friend told me about Bonkora; then after one bottle I found I had lost 8 pounds. It took only 6 weeks to lose 30 pounds, and now friends are amazed how youthful I look and remark on my lovely figure."

YOU CAN DO THE SAME—IT'S SO SIMPLE
Don't let bulking fat rob you of health and beauty. Start using Bonkora now; just a small dose daily will take pounds off in an amazingly short time. Triple in action, Bonkora acts three times as fast as other reducing agents. Yet it's safe and pleasant.

EAT AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE, YET REDUCE
Bonkora users need never have that empty feeling—eat delicious food while you lose ugly fat. Information on tasty food combinations included in package. Start this treatment to-day and gain new vigor and improved health right away. Bonkora is 6/6 a bottle at all chemists.

NOTE.—No increase in price because of Sales Tax.

Send 3d. in stamps for FREE SAMPLE and full details of Bonkora treatment.

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REDUCING TREATMENT
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS
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THE Australian Women's Weekly
£2000
Fiction Contest
Entries close: Short Stories, March 31, 1942. Serials: September 30, 1942.

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or matted, start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powder. He will soon be lively and eating with his old healthy appetite. BARKO treats up a dog's condition powder, whole system and hair. 1/6 ALL CHEMISTS. Rits his coat.



Budget of news from Britain



• Vivien Leigh as the heroine of Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemma," which she is playing to-day on the English stage.

HAMPSHIRE MEETING WITH LAURENCE OLIVIER

From ANNE MATHIESON in LONDON

DURING the last week I have met and talked to so many of the stars you like that this story will be a personal budget of fan-news for you.

First, I saw George Formby, back in London to prepare for his next film, written by Ronald Frankau, with a scenario by Walter ("Love on the Dole") Greenwood—but as yet untitled. George told me he has done 72 concerts in Northern Ireland; and the American boys gave him a big hand.

"It's the uke that they like," George said modestly.

Making his way south, George turned dustman at Blackburn to aid the local salvage effort. Preceded by his wife, Beryl, in a car with loud-speaker calling "Turn out your salvage for George!" the ukulele-playing actor drove one of the Council's dust-carts at the head of a procession of similar vehicles.

"It was very touching, for ladies brought out Bibles, and children their painting books and old comics," he said.

Then I went to a dance, "somewhere in Hampshire," in aid of the Air Training Corps, and the prizes given to the holders of lucky numbers were presented by Laurence Olivier. He was looking extraordinarily handsome in the uniform of the Fleet Air Arm.

Vivien on stage

LAURENCE told me that Vivien Leigh is expected in London shortly—she has been touring the provinces in Bernard Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemma" and making a grand success. Olivier himself thinks of films these days only in terms of propaganda work like "49th Parallel."

Yesterday I went down to Denham studios and saw a tall, tough-looking seaman in the bell-bottom trousers of the R.A.N. walk on to the set. It was Robert Newton, whom you last saw as the truculent alum bully in "Major Barbara." You will see him soon as aviator Jim Mollison opposite Anna Neagle's Amy Johnson in Herbert Wilcox's biography of the famous flier.

It was no costume for the film that Robert was wearing yesterday—but the real thing. He is an ordinary A.B. in a minesweeper, and his screen work is fitted in when he has the time.

Then do you remember Elizabeth

Allan, who was so charming with Ronald Colman in MGM's "Tale of Two Cities," and Freddie Bartholomew's "David Copperfield"? I met this tall, slim actress in town yesterday, very thrilled because she has been promised the feminine lead in "They Came in Khaki."

This picture will have the Home Guard as its heroes, and show paratroops landing in a typical English village.

On my way back from Denham I ran into Jimmy Hanley, who was a child actor not so long ago, but who is now on a month's leave from an officers' training unit. "Commando into conchis is my lot at the moment," Jimmy grinned.

He has been on interesting raids with commandos in real life—and he is to play the part of a conscientious objector in "Mister Bunting at War." Jimmy is actually very thrilled about this film, for also in the cast is a pretty lass named Dinah Sheridan, and Dinah is the girl Jimmy hopes to marry in June of this year.

Air epic

DERRICK DE MARNEY, a handsome young actor turned film director, has just finished "Airmen's Diary," a film of the Polish Air Force.

"I made this film to show why Polish airmen are more ruthless than others towards Germans," Derrick explained to me in his studio office to-day. "Some of our Polish pilots here went up in the worst weather flying in V formation for the climax of the picture."

"Next, I am going to put the Women's Army on the screen," he said. "Commander Jean Knox, head of the A.T.S., has promised me her co-operation in securing the life of this service. The leading parts will be played by film stars, of course, but I haven't yet chosen them."



• Robert Newton, A.B., returns to his film-star existence for the Amy Johnson biography.



• George Formby has a story to tell about the concerts he gave in Northern Ireland and about his own personal salvage drive.

TO REMOVE HAIR from arms and legs

New Discovery replaces razor
No coarse regrowth



The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse, ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away below the skin surface. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream sold everywhere under the trade mark New "VEET". Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft, white and velvety-smooth. End your superstitious hair troubles forever with New "VEET". Successful results guaranteed or money refunded 2/6 and 4/6 (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

"Thermal" Cream stops Child's Cold

New "thermal cream" Rub acts 3 ways to Clear Stuffed-up Head and Break up Croupy Congestion—overnight

Newly introduced to this country—but long proven by mothers through many blizzard cold Canadian winters as the quicker—different—better external treatment for children's head and chest colds and sore throats.

Rub Buckley's Wintrol Rub over neck and chest and see how quickly its glowing "thermal" action stops shivery aches and keeps little ones warm and comfortable through the night, while its wonderful 3-way action is driving out the croupy congestion.

Get Buckley's Wintrol Rub—now from any chemist or store, anywhere

Beyond Beauty

Continued from page 10

LUCIA accepted readily, pleased by the happy circumstance that had given her such a safe excitement as Dick Lansing. He added attraction to her home, to her appearance at the golf club. Dick had looked at her when he invited them for cocktails so she had said, "Of course, we would love that, wouldn't we, Freddy?"

Lucia was astonished that Freddy wore her beige felt sports hat to the matinee. "Have you forgotten that we're meeting Dick afterwards?" she looked. Lucia had worn a new black hat with a veil.

"I want to get a time-table," Angela said, "to find out what time Bradley's train gets in to-morrow."

Across the dinner table Dick Lansing regarded Angela's carefully removed eyes with purpose in his own. "You admit, then, that I had to trap you into staying in for dinner. I knew that Lucia couldn't stay and I guessed that you wouldn't make a point of not staying. That would have admitted that it made some difference to you."

"You seem," said Angela in her low voice, "to know everything."

"I don't want to know everything," he told her seriously. "I am content if I can know well the things that concern me."

"You sound like a worthy young man," said Angela.

"You're seldom alarmed enough to resort to ridicule," he told her undisturbed. "But you're afraid now that I may tell you something I've discovered about you, so afraid that you even hope to get me talking about myself. In a minute you'll beg me to tell you the story of my life."

"As a matter of fact I would like to know about that. Who are you and why are you about so much? It isn't reasonable nor logical that you should want to spend so much time with Lucia and Bob and the rest of us. You belong to—different people."

Dick Lansing answered her with seriousness: "In a general way you know who I am—an only son, four years down from Cambridge and learning the family business—"

She shook her head. "That's not what I mean." She looked at him thoughtfully. "You seem to be trying to find something. What is it? You haven't that tiresome disinterested air."

"Thank you," he acknowledged, smiling. "Perhaps that is because

I am a young man who wants to believe in illusions."

"Why should you want to keep illusions or anything that isn't real?"

"But the illusion turned out to be real. I've found that out in the last two weeks. It has been the happiest two weeks of my life because I've discovered that Angela Pearson hasn't disappeared."

"I must go," she said and picked up her gloves and bag.

"It's never going to do you any good to go," he told her gravely.

She did not answer but he made no effort to keep her then. Silently he followed her out of the restaurant to his parked car. Skillfully he nosed through the London streets and swung on to the bridge over the Thames. Below them Angela felt the dark mysterious currents of the river. She sat away from him, said nothing, nor did he as he followed the lights past the brick-rows developments, the suburban shops, the tiny brave separate homes.

These small houses were not unlike the ones Angela Abbott lived in. They came to that particular suburb still with silence between them.

In the little street, before her darkened house, he stopped the car. Without a word he took her in his arms and kissed her. It told her why he was there, why he had stayed. She gave back nothing to his lips but she did not stir in his arms immediately. She stayed there in great quietness, like the moon gazing at its own surprised reflection.

He took one of her cool, still hands. "I don't want you to answer now. I just want you to listen." She did not take her hand away and presently he went on, "I love you, Angela. I believe I have loved you ever since I heard about you in River-ton. I loved you then as a legend but I love you now as you are. I don't think you're happy in your present situation; I think you've been making an attempt at happiness, trying to be something that you were never meant to be."

"The life that you lived in River-ton was right for you. I would like to give you a life that would be like that." He paused for a moment, then went on, "I'll wait for you as long as you wish, but some day will you marry me?"

His voice was as clear and firm and decided as when he began. An-

gela saw that he had finished and that he would add nothing to his trail of protestations of his love. He had trusted her to accept that in a single statement, sure that she would believe him. She did believe him.

"You are River-ton," she said at last. "I thought I had forgotten—the deep, green summers—the window over the stairs where the sunlight fell through into a golden pool on the landing—the candles blowing in the spring duck—the wistaria blossoms so sweet in the rain." She freed herself from him simply. "Good-night," she said in her usual tone.

"Good night," Dick answered and let her go.

As he drove back to town he thought that Bradley's coming home might settle what had become an obsession with him. Either Angela was the girl who had stayed in his arms for that fleeting moment or she was Mrs. Bradley Abbott with all that that implied. She was one or the other, not torn between them. She would never be that; she would be fearless when it came to a definite choice. Of that he was sure.

ON Sunday Dick did not go out to play golf. It was an early autumn day. He felt its overpowering beauty and feared its long-continued impact; it was a treacherous beauty, he thought, since it made so many people its slave—but perhaps all beauty was treacherous in the end, a sedative to dull the realities and uncertainties of living. He wrote to his father, "and I'm willing to stay on here in the London office although I shall not live in London permanently. I want to find a place outside—quite a way out—something like River-ton."

It was just dark when he drove out to Bob Monroe's house for the Sunday night gathering of the usual crowd. There were two or three cars parked nearby, but he did not see the Abbotts' little two-seater; nor did he see Angela at once when he went in. She was not down in the sitting-room with the others. Only half the husbands were there. Dick saw, counting accurately. The rest of them were late and Bradley was a part of that still missing foursome.

Angela was in the kitchen helping with the Sunday supper. Dick sat back on the low settee to wait. It was a longer wait than he expected, longer finally than the politely hungry patience of the others.

"Hi, Lucia, how about some food?"

Behind Lucia Dick saw Angela coming towards him with a tray of sandwiches. She greeted him casually and he made no attempt to talk to her. He heard Bob Monroe say that he had just rung up the club and that the golfers had left and ought to be here soon.

It was not long after that Dick heard a noisy, blurred arrival and presently a slight, darkly-hand-some young man came into the room. He was less tall than Dick had imagined, and he held himself painfully straight. It was Bradley, and Dick saw at once that he had had a little too much to drink. His greeting to Angela was obliquely indifferent, but she spoke to him from across the room. "Did you have a nice game, dear?"

Bradley did not hear her; he had already turned to Bob Monroe and was bemoaning the unfairness of that long trap directly across the

fairway of the sixteenth that caught even a perfectly hit tee shot. "A seven," he was saying, "I made a perfect drive right down the fairway and I wound up with a seven—"

Bob Monroe cut in on this. "Come over here and meet Dick Lansing. Dick is from River-ton," he explained as he introduced them.

"How are you?" Bradley asked disinterestedly. "And on top of that," he continued turning again to Bob, "I took four putts on the eighteenth—four putts!"

Angela joined them. "Let me get you something to eat, Bradley."

"I don't want anything to eat. Come on, we're going home."

"But dear, you've just got here and they're been waiting hours for you. We can't leave just now."

"Why not?" Bradley demanded.

Angela moved towards the kitchen. "I'll get you some coffee."

Bradley fixed his attention on Dick suddenly. "I suppose if you're from River-ton, my wife has been telling you all about the days when she was a great lady there. I lived there, too—in the wrong part of the town. Did she tell you that?" He didn't wait for an answer but moved unsteadily towards the door.

Dick Lansing had not moved from the settee when Angela came back with sandwiches and coffee for Bradley. She looked about the room and her eyes came back to Dick. "Your husband's left," he told her. "He said he was going home."

"Have a sandwich?" she asked. "Two."

Her seriousness softened into a smile. They sat talking of inconsequential things, but the thought of her husband and his behaviour was clearing a path in Dick's mind. Bradley did not make her happy. Nor did Angela belong here. She belonged in the kind of life he could give her. That was what he had had in mind when he wrote his father this afternoon that he wanted to find a place like River-ton. All this had been an interlude that she would soon forget. He was sure that she must know that too, now. He asked to drive her home.

She looked up at him curiously as he sat still in the car without starting the engine. "You were going to take me home," she reminded him. "Must you go home?"

"Yes, Dick. Please."

HE started the car and drove her along the now familiar streets to her own gate. He shut off the engine and waited for her to speak. She sat quietly beside him looking towards the house, but he thought she was seeing another home.

"Angela you will come with me?" Silently she pressed his hand a little and then withdrew hers. "I like you," she said softly. "I love to be with you and if I were going to leave Bradley it would be for you. But I'll never leave him."

Her voice opened the stillness of the night and it closed again after, but he waited. And presently she went on: "I don't like Bradley always—you saw him to-night at a time when I didn't like him very much. But there's a part of the legend of Angela Pearson you don't know about. I'll tell you about it. When my father died I had no one to turn to. People I had known all my life and counted on were not there; all the people who were closest to us were involved in my father's failure."

"They blamed him and had no pity for his daughter. Even men who said they loved me didn't care enough then—except Bradley. He came hurrying back to River-ton as soon as he heard what happened. He guessed I would be left alone—and he stayed when he was all I had. I love him for that, and I'll never leave him."

Her words were weighted with a lovely strength. Slowly they drew together in his mind into some tender unbreakable surface that was Angela's life. "I would like it if I could come to see you some time," he said at last.

"No, Dick. Please not. It would hurt Bradley. But you have done something for me, something that I needed. For the first time I can face the memory of River-ton and all that that kind of life meant to me. I won't be afraid of it any more." She leaned toward him and kissed his cheek. "That," she said gently, "was from Angela Pearson. She would have loved you."

She slipped out of the car and he watched her as she let herself into the house. The legend was gone, but in its place was something priceless, something more than beauty, someone to remember, and believe in, always.

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



"I am writing for my husband, who suffered from stomach trouble," says Mrs. T. R. "He is a firm believer in De Witt's Antacid Powder and gets more relief from this than anything else. We always keep it in the house. I also give it to the children if they show signs of a bilious attack."

Mrs. T. R. herself says: "I suffered with severe stomach pains and vomiting. I was recommended to try De Witt's Antacid Powder. Now I can eat anything without fear of after-effects. I am very grateful to De Witt's Antacid Powder."

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ANTACID POWDER

A proved remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence and Gastritis. Obtainable from chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/7 1/2, Giant size 4/8, inc. Sales Tax.



End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

Dangerous Varicose Veins Can be Reduced

People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Noxon's Emerald Oil at once. Applying night and morning as directed they will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins and bunches are reduced to normal. Chemists are selling a lot of this, and your money will be gladly refunded in the rare event that you don't gain relief.



When you're on a long, cold "beat" home, with the icy spray in your face—that's the time when a good hot cup of Bonox hits the spot. You ask Captain Briggs of the "Canella." He says, "Down in the Tasman Sea, sometimes working feverishly for days and nights on end to bring her home safely, we practically live on hot Bonox. Bonox pours glorious new strength into your bloodstream—gives you the 'lift' you need—when you need it most. Bonox keeps 'Old Man Flu' away. So drop into any cafe, hotel or milk bar and have a steaming cupful. Buy some to-night."

68.1

EXCLUSIVE HAND-KNITS

Starring the circular skirt for winter smartness

HERE are the directions for making the skirt as illustrated. Follow them to success. And you can!

Materials: 12oz. Paton's and Baldwin's Azalea knitting and crochet wool, 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles, 16 buttons, petersham for waist, press stud, two hooks and eyes. N.B.: Use specified wool.

Measurements: Waist, 26ins.; hips, 24ins.; length, 24½ins.

Tension: 7 sts. to in. in width; 10 rows to in. in depth.

Abbreviations: K, knit; sts., stitches; m.-st., moss-stitch; inc., increase; st.-st., stocking-stitch.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 53 sts. (k into back of all cast-on sts.).

1st Row (wrong side of work): M.-st. 11 sts., p to end of row.

2nd Row: K to last 11 sts., m.-st. 11 sts.

3rd Row: Like the first row.

4th Row: Knit to last 11 sts., m.-st. 4, cast off 4, m.-st. 3.

5th Row: M.-st. 3, cast on 4 sts., m.-st. 4, p to end of row.

6th Row: Like 2nd row.

7th Row: Like 1st row. Repeat last 2 rows once more.

10th Row: Inc. in first st., knit to last 11 sts., m.-st. 11.

Keeping m.-st. border, and making buttonholes on every 13th and 14th rows, inc. at seam edge every 4th row until increased to 68 sts.

Work 3 rows.

Next Row: K 14, * inc. in next st., k 13. Repeat from * twice, inc. in next st., m.-st. 11.

Work 7 rows.

Next Row: Inc. in first st., * k 13, inc. once in next 2 sts. Repeat from * twice, k 13, inc. in next st., k 1, m.-st. 11.

Work 7 rows.

Next Row: K 1, inc. in next st., * k 13, inc. in next st., k 2, inc. in next st. Repeat from * twice, k 13, inc. in next st., k 2, m.-st. 11 (making buttonhole).

Work 7 rows.

Next Row: K 2, inc. in next st., * k 13, inc. in next st., k 4, inc. in next st. Repeat from * twice, k 13, inc. in next st., k 3, m.-st. 11. Continue to make buttonholes on the 13th and 14th rows, and to inc. on every 8th row by knitting 1 st. extra for side and front half gore, and 2 sts. extra for the three full gores until there are 200 sts. on the needle.

Work 7 rows in st.-

st. Then work 14

rows in m.-st.

Cast off loosely.

Work 7 rows.

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Next Row: K 1, inc. in next st., * k 13, inc. in next st., k 2, inc. in next st., rep. from * to last 3 sts., inc. in next st., k 2. Work 7 rows.

Next Row: K 2, inc. in next st., * k 13, inc. in next st., k 4, inc. in next st., rep. from * to last 4 sts., inc. in next st., k 3. Continue to inc. in every 8th row by knitting 1 st. extra at each end for half gores, and 2 sts. extra for each of the 7 full gores, until there are 377 sts. on the needle. Work 7 rows in stocking-st. Then work 14 rows in m.-st. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Carefully press all work on wrong side with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side seams. Sew petersham to waist. Press all seams. Sew on buttons. Sew press stud at top of front opening and hooks and eyes on to petersham.

LEFT FRONT

Work exactly as given for the right front, omitting the buttonholes, and making the side shaping at the opposite end of needle.

BACK

Cast on 83 sts. Commence with a purl row. Work 9 rows in st.-st. Now inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 4th row until there are 113 sts. on the needle. Work 3 rows.

Next Row: K 14, * inc. in next st., k 13. Rep. from * to last st., inc. in last st. (121 sts.). Work 7 rows. Inc. in next row as follows: Inc. in first st., * k 13, inc. once in next 2 sts., rep. from * to last 2 sts., inc. in next st., k 1. Work 7 rows.

CLELAND

A LOVELY corn-yellow shade of Azalea yarn was chosen for this woolly, but you can knit it in a royal-blue or navy, a rich green—just as you fancy. Don't skimp on the buttons. Sixteen were used on this garment. The back is knitted in one piece; increasing for the flares commences just below hipline.

Which is your lucky Colour?



ask MRS. HOLIDAY
The washing expert
whose friendly articles
you've read in "Over
the Garden Fence"

I ALWAYS SAY
my lucky colour
is any shade that
suits me—because I

feel at my very best when wearing it. But these days nice unusual colours are hard to come by. So, of course, it's important to make your pretty frocks last just as long as possible—especially as the manufacturers may have had to put up with dyes that are not quite as reliable as usual. But if you launder your frocks correctly you can do a great deal to keep them fresh and new-looking. Before putting a new garment in water always test the colours.

How to Test and Set Your Colours

Take an inconspicuous part of the garment (an inside seam or underneath piece of a hem) and pinch it firmly between the folds of a damp, fairly thick cloth—press with a warm iron. If any colour comes off onto your testing cloth, steep the garment for about 1 of an hour in a solution of salt water. Then lift it straight out into tepid suds.

Why Persil is Safest for Colours

And please DO make sure these words are Persil's oxygen-charged suds! Then your dress won't need to be lone enough in the hand for colours to run. And as Persil teaches beautifully at any temperature, you can use cold water for particularly delicate colours and fabrics.

A Vinegar Rinse Helps the Colour
Having washed your coloured things successfully, make certain that they are rinsed till the water remains absolutely clear. Finish by adding a little vinegar to your last rinsing water (1



cupful to every gallon). Then squeeze out as much moisture as possible and make doubly sure by rolling your garment in a dry towel. When dealing with printed material put some white tissue paper inside the garment so that no two wet surfaces can touch, and hang in a shady place to dry. Whatever you do, on no account leave coloured clothes lying in a damp bundle.

Mary Holiday

F160-2

Ballet Blue Jumper

- Delightful assets: Lacy stitch insets which resemble insertion, puff sleeves, moulded torso, feminine styling.

THIS perfectly-styled jumper is lovely enough to wear evenings with a long skirt. Service women will appreciate its dainty appeal when off duty.

For professional results, you are strongly advised to use the wool specified. Don't dabble around with 2-ply or 4-ply and hope for results.

Make your choice as regards color, but ballet-blue is sweet.

Materials Required: 7 skeins "Sunbeam" crepe or "Sun-Glo" shrink-proof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2163 (ballet-blue); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19 ins. Bust, 32-34 ins. Length of sleeve seam, 4 ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; m, make; wrn., wool round needle.

Tension: 7 sts., 1 in. 9 rows, 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3 ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, purling twice into every 6th st. (112 sts.).

K in garter-st. for 2 ins.

Next Row: K 1 * m 1, k 2 tog. Repeat from * to last st., k 1.

Repeat last row for 2 ins.

Continue to work 2 ins. garter-st. and 2 ins. in lacy pattern alternately. When work measures 12½ ins. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When 3rd lacy stripe has been worked continue in garter-st. only. When armholes measure 7 ins. shape shoulders

by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until 3rd lacy stripe has been worked.

Next Row: K 42 (leave remaining 46 sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts., k into back of cast on sts., k to end.

Continue in garter-st., and when armhole measures 5½ ins. cast off 10 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armhole measures 7 ins. shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre-front, k to end of row. Work to correspond with other side, making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 5 in. above opening and 2 more 1 in. apart.

Buttonholes: K 2, wrn. twice, k 2 tog., k to end.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 1½ ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, purling twice into every 4th st. (100 sts.). Work in lacy pattern for 2 ins., then garter-st. for 1 in. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. (after the 2nd lacy stripe has been worked continue in garter-st. only). Cast off.

Facing for Neck: Using No. 10 needles cast on 6 sts. Work in garter-st. for 16 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Stitch facing on to right side, then turn back and stitch on to wrong side of neck. Sew buttons on left side of front.



YOU'LL LOOK as pretty as a picture in this jumper.

Snappy Sports Jacket

- Yes, you can make it for yourself. It's easy to knit.

MATERIALS: 8oz. P.B. Azalea knitting and crochet wool, 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles, and one No. 8 knitting needle. Medium-size crochet hook.

Measurements: Bust, 32-34. Length from shoulder, 17 ins. Length sleeve seam, 4 ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; ref., referred; st., stitch; ins., inches; rep., repeat; 10N, No. 10 needles.

Tension: 7½ sts. to the in. in width and 11 rows to in. in depth.

HOW TO MAKE BERRIES

These attractive little berries are made by using the No. 8 needle, then slipping the sts. back on to smaller needle.

1st Row: Into st. indicated, and with No. 8 needle, p 1, k 1 (into back of st.) 6 times, slip on to smaller needle. (Ref. to as 1st B.R.)

2nd Row: K into back of 6 made sts., then slip back on to No. 10 needle. (Ref. to as 2nd B.R.)

3rd Row: P into 6 made sts. (ref. to as 3rd B.R.)

4th Row: P 6 tog. with No. 10 needle. (Ref. to as 4th B.R.)

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 69 sts. (K into back of all cast on sts.)

1st Row: P 4, * k 1, p 11. Rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 1, p 4.

2nd Row: Knit the purl stitches, and purl the knit stitches. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times.

9th Row: P 3, * into next st., work 1st B.R., p 1, with 10N. Work 1st B.R., p 9. Rep. from * to last 6 sts. 1st B.R., p 1, 1st B.R., p 3.

10th Row: K 3 * 2nd B.R., k 1 with 10N., 2nd B.R., k 9. Rep. from * to last 16 sts., 2nd B.R., k 1, 2nd B.R., k 3.

11th Row: P 3, * 3rd B.R., p 1, with 10N., 3rd B.R., p 9. Rep. from * to last 16 sts., 3rd B.R., p 1, 3rd B.R., p 3.

12th Row: (10N) used, right across: K 3, * 4th B.R., k 1, 4th B.R., k 5. Rep. from * to last 16 sts., 4th B.R., k 1, 4th B.R., k 3.

13th Row: P 4, * 1st B.R., p 11. Rep. from * to last 10 sts., 1st B.R., p 4.

14th Row: K 4, * 2nd B.R., k 11. Rep. from * to last 10 sts., 2nd B.R., k 4.

15th Row: P 4, * 3rd B.R., p 11. Rep. from * to last 10 sts., 3rd B.R., p 4.

16th Row: K 4, * 4th B.R., k 11. Rep. from * to last 10 sts., 4th B.R., k 4.

17th Row: P 10, * k 1, p 11. Rep. from * to last 11 sts., k 1, p 10.

18th Row: Like 2nd row. Rep. last 2 rows 3 times.

Now work the 8 rows which complete berries for each knit st. From ** to ** completes pattern. Rep. twice more. Then work from 1st row to 8th row once.

Shape Armholes by casting off 8 sts. at beg. of next row. Work in pattern to end of row. Keeping continuity of pattern k 2 tog. at armhole every alternate row until 53 sts. remain. Continue until 25th row of 5th pattern has been completed.

Shape neck by casting off 8 sts. at beg. of next row. Then k 2 tog. every row at neck edge until 32 sts. remain.

Continue until work measures 16½ ins. (5½ patterns).

Shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every alternate row. Work right side exactly the same, making shapings at opposite ends of needles.

Continued on page 28



IN THIS SMART LITTLE NUMBER you will not only feel snug against chilly wind, but cute enough to be in the front line of attention. The berries which adorn it look tricky, don't they? But, really, they're a combination of purl and plain. Directions for making commence on this page, and finish in the Homemaker Section. Use the wool specified, follow the directions, and success will be yours.

H E appeared to make it a point to be as unconcerned as his guides, evidently, for he conversed as he walked: "How strong is that post down the road?"

Maybe thirty men. But they gather quickly. The other night, when some of your planes flew over this region, they had more than a thousand men around here in less than an hour. With anti-aircraft cannon on automobiles. Suddenly, he broke off and said quietly, "We better sit down. Here's a patrol."

He settled behind thick bushes, and the two others imitated him.

Ruhault remembered having seen this chap in peacetime: A sort of tramp, who did odd jobs and poached to supply nearby inns with game out of season. There had been nothing heroic about him at any time, and yet here he was, cool and quiet, risking his life casually.

The faint chugging of motors swelled to a roar, a bright light flashed through the trees, swept on along the road, the motor cycles hurried by very swiftly, snuggled away, vanished.

"Sixteen men," the officer said. "Usual number."

"About, monsieur. But they have six light machine-guns, and they know how to use them."

They waited a few minutes, then risked crossing the broad road. They climbed an embankment, scaled a stone fence, walked through an orchard. Ruhault was panting with anxiety. They seemed heading for his father's farm. He was torn between hope and grief. If his parents recognised him there would be a scene. But what could he do?

They were out of the orchard and past the big barn. The guide picked up a handful of dirt, which he tossed against an upper window. It opened with a creak, and a cautious voice queried:

"Who the devil are you?"

"This is Gervais, old man."

"I might have known it. What do you want at this time of night?"

"I've some company for you."

"Again? Can't you take them elsewhere? How many?"

"Two. Two Englishmen."

"Clara! Clara!" Ruhault knew he was calling his wife, heard him add in a somewhat lower tone that carried clearly in the stillness: "It's that Gervais again. He's got two English for us to hide here. Do you mind?"

And for the first time in several years Ruhault heard his mother's voice. Not in emotional greetings, as he had always imagined, but in the scolding, impatient tone she used to the dog when he chased the hens.

"That no-good Gervais, the cider pot! He'll be the death of us, with his brandish ways. I'm not going to stand this much longer—awake at all hours, cook, cook, cook. And shot without a thank you if the Prussians find out what we're doing. Well, let them in—they're here, what can we do?" She came to the window, a patch of white against the darkness. "Are they hungry, your Englishmen?"

"Very hungry, madame," Wylis answered cheerily.

"Oh, they speak French? Well, that's something. Take them to the kitchen. Gervais, I'm coming down."

There was a rasping of iron bars, and the three filed by old man Ruhault, standing in shirt and trousers, into the big kitchen. The farmer fussed with matches and a lamp.

"What are they this time?" he asked.

"Aviators. One of them had to jump out last night, the other side of the river. Casimir put him up until dark. The other's walked all the way from Rouen. You can keep them in that old hayloft. I'll fetch them out to-night."

The Strong of Heart

Continued from page 6

Father Ruhault had contrived to light the small lamp, which he set on the ledge above the big cast-iron stove. The light was weak, but Ruhault discerned familiar details. Only one thing was missing, the shotgun over the fireplace. Probably confiscated by the Boches.

"They can't see the light from road," Father Ruhault explained. "Anyway, they wouldn't see anything wrong—it's almost time to milk the cows. The cow, I mean! I had six, and they left me one, the dirty crooks."

He indicated the dishes on the table. "Cider's in that bottle. You can eat bread until my woman gets down to cook. We haven't much left, but I'll bet you'll lick your fingers when you're through."

Heavy steps were approaching, and he whispered across the table, straight into the face of his son: "Not too much war talk, eh? Our oldest boy's a prisoner in Germany, and the other's somewhere in the colonies. Haven't heard for months. You know how women are."

"Yes, yes," Wylis reassured him.

MADAME RUHAULT

greeted them politely as she passed by the table. Then she busied herself with paper, kindling and wood. Ruhault watched her intently. The light was poor, but occasionally her full, pink face was revealed sharply. Her hair was much greyer, but her expression was as he remembered it, placid, serene. Every movement of her heavy body was deft, quick. She set some left-over soup to heat, started beating eggs for an omelet.

"Slice some bacon, Pierre," she ordered her husband. "You can gab later. You'll have some soup, too, Gervais? Then you better leave room for it and not empty that bottle by yourself. I'm not reproaching you, but if you get drunk the Prussians will pick you up. And when you're drunk, you talk too much."

"Who'd get drunk on cider?" Gervais grumbled. But he left the drink alone. Father Ruhault served the soup.

"You boys still have your mothers?" Madame Ruhault asked, her back turned.

"Yes, madame," Wylis replied promptly.

"Your comrade doesn't speak French?" Madame Ruhault turned her head and looked toward her son's shadowy figure.

"I speak French, madame."

"Well, have you your mother still?"

"Yes."

"They don't know where you are?"

"No," both fugitives answered at once.

"Sometimes I wonder which is better," she went on talking, "to know or not. I know where my oldest is, and every mouthful I eat I wonder if they feed him enough. Then I wonder about the one in Syria."

"Give them their omelet, Pierre, while I give them some coffee."

Wylis had crossed to the lamp to get a light for his cigarette. Ruhault feared that if he did the same his mother would recognise him, suffer a shock.

He rose also, hesitated, then reached up and took a match out of a box on the mantel. He turned his head before striking it. He was very uneasy, afraid to talk too much, tormented by the desire of identifying himself. But he would have to go on, and his mother would then have something very definite to fret about: whether he would reach England safely or not.

"It'll be daylight soon," the guide spoke up. "Maybe we better get the place fixed up."

Old Ruhault sucked at his pipe, blew smoke.

"I left the blankets and straw from the last pair, and some odd books and magazines. You can hear their patrols a long way—when they turn the bend up near the tracks."

"Ah, well," said Madame Ruhault, rising slowly to her feet. "I better do the dishes. You boys mustn't drink too much cider—gives you the colic if you're not

used to it. My man will find you a bottle of calvados to take into the hayloft. It's damp."

The four men sat at the table, talking in low voices about the war.

Suddenly, they ceased speaking. Drying her dishes, her back turned to them, Mother Ruhault was singing in a low, sweet thin voice.

Ruhault knew the song—"When the Night Gently Lifted"—it was the old, plaintive chant of the Great Moors of Lessay. His mother was happy. And his father, pipe poised, mouth opened, seemed petrified.

"But when the end of vacation time came, When towards school one had to start, Before me you rolled endlessly, Long as an eternal regret— Oh, my beautiful moors wide as the sea, Oh, my Great Moors of Lessay!"

They remained silent until she sang the last line. There was a queer spell to the tune, the simple words of the ancient, sentimental ballad. It was a same song in an insane world, a free song in an enslaved land. It seemed that while Mother Ruhault sang, the invaders might be suspended as if by an incantation.

"Say, woman," old Ruhault spoke after a while. "You haven't sung in a long time. Not like that. You sing as if—well, as if the kids were small, and we had them home—"

"Oh, maybe one of them is around somewhere to hear," she said. "One never knows. And in case he was, it would be a shame if he thought his mother had forgotten him."

Old Ruhault swore under his breath. "I was afraid of that. She's been too quiet about things." He evidently believed that his wife's mind had snapped under the strain of waiting, privations, despair and danger. "Now, Clara, let's—"

But young Ruhault was on his feet, holding back his father. "Mamma's all right—we're the fools—"

He ran to his mother's side and caught her in his arms. The tears came, her solid bulk quivered. The strong hands, the hands of a farm woman, ran over his face, his shoulders, then clung as if she would never let him go. But this did not last very long, and she started to speak.

"You're too skinny. I guess you don't get home food everywhere, hein, you vagabond!"

He led her back to the table, as she wiped her face with the edge of her apron. He shook hands with his father, touched the tough, bristling cheeks with his own. The old man continued cursing, from surprise and emotion.

"Thunder of Brest! So you're English now! Thunder of—"

Wylis, who never lost sight of conventions and tact, excused himself and led Gervais outside. For a few seconds, each one of the three babbled and questioned:

"When did you know I was here, Mother?"

"Oh, even before you came, I think. When your father woke me up, I was dreaming that you were a little boy again. Then I looked out of the window, and I wanted the one who didn't speak to say something."

"Then I saw your back when I came down the stairs. You were hunched up, with your face turned aside so I couldn't see it. Just like when you had made up your mind not to go to school, but to run off and go on a boat again."

"You wouldn't look me in the face then, and I'd always know. I used to go upstairs when you were eating, and pack your stuff better, put in more socks and wool things. Don't you remember I always gave you a very big lunch to take away, those days? I knew there was no use talking to you."

"Then I thought I was going crazy, that I always thought those poor fellows who come through looked like you or your brother. Then you got up and reached for a match in the box on the mantel, without looking, when there were some right handy on the stove ledge. Also, you kept looking at the place where the shotgun used to be. Your father buried it when they started to search the farms for guns."

WONDERINGLY,

then, he asked her: "Why didn't you speak to me?"

"I didn't know if I should. I thought perhaps you had some reason why the others shouldn't know who you were. But I couldn't keep myself from letting you know. Why didn't you speak yourself?"

"I was afraid of a shock. Because of your heart—"

"This isn't the season for heart trouble," she said, and laughed. "Pierre, better go and get that hayloft ready. The sun's coming up and they may start noising around early. We can talk to-night—"

Father Ruhault rose, touched his son's shoulder with a clumsy gesture of affection, and went out. Ruhault was silent for some time, hesitating to grieve his mother again. But what must be said must be said:

"I'm sorry, Mother, but I'll have to go on."

"Oh, I know that. Nobody'll argue with you. You're a grown man and must do what you think is right. You're not the kind to hide when others are fighting. You'll get back to England safely, they're all trustworthy people from here on."

She sighed, ever so slightly.

"You better go now. And don't come out until we call you—sometimes they stop at the farm and hang around. I'll see you before you go, and I'll try to make up a nice lunch for you to take away. When this trouble is finished and you come back for good, we'll have good flour and butter again, and I'll make you apple-jelly pancakes the way you like them."

He halted at the door.

"We'll win, Mother, we'll win—"

"Of course," she said with utter confidence. "We can't have them here forever!"

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1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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thrive in hot steaming feet

Be on your guard against this crippling infection. Look between your toes at night. If the skin is cracked, moist and pulpy or itchy, it is probably due to Surfer's Foot. Don't delay—treat this stubborn infection with IODEX, which kills the germs and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues.

In severe cases see your doctor.



FROM ALL CHEMISTS, 2/1.

Something every mother ought to know



Calcium — which builds firm bones and good teeth — is also contained in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. The milk sugar in Horlicks helps the child to use this calcium to the best advantage.

Horlicks is a complete food. So it helps to make good any lack of essential elements in the child's other food, and corrects any tendency to monotony in his diet. Let your children have Horlicks these days. They'll love it, and they will be the better for it.

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• THE "SHIRLEY" frock is one of those charming, practical frocks that is perfect for the season ahead. You can obtain it ready to wear, or you can buy the material cut out ready for making, or you can get a paper pattern.



THE "SHIRLEY" frock is a trimly tailored little style that is ideal for business girls, yet with the addition of a fur looks sophisticated enough to keep the most important dates.

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Price 35/6 complete, 9/6d. extra for postage, or you may obtain the material cut out to your size, price 24/6 complete, 9/6d. extra for postage, or paper pattern only, price 1/7.

How to obtain "SHIRLEY." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page of this issue. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement.

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Here's tailored chic—in a
KNITTED TWEED JACKET

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SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

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 Sizes: 8 to 14 years.
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 No. 3—Frock. Requires: 2yds. for skirt, 1yds. for bodice.
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F1902.—Smart and flattering style for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 4yds., and 1yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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NEEDLEWORK
NOTIONS

PRETTY and practical frock for 2 to 10-year-olds. Details below.

209

Dainty floral frock

NO. 209: A very dainty design for young folk. The white contrast collar gives a very cool and fresh appearance. The pattern is clearly traced on good quality British floral dunnies in shades of white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. You will find this dress so easy to make up. Just cut along the traced lines, and then machine. The finished garment is really lovely.

Sizes: 2-4 years, price 3/9; 4-6 years, price 4/11; 8-10 years, price 5/11 complete, plus 4d. extra for postage.

Or paper pattern only, price 1/4 each.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 188A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4099, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 11, G.P.O. Perth: Box 401G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 108W, G.P.O. H. calling, 170 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.



187

All ready to make up!

● These new and charming designs come to you with the pattern traced on to the material.

NO. 214: Immediately below you see a most unusually attractive style for the young girl.

The skirt has a swing flare, smartly shaped pockets, yoke and embroidery motifs give a charming finish. Design is traced on good quality cruise linen, in white, pink, green, blue, and tulip, also on good quality linora, in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green.

The pattern is clearly traced on to the material ready to cut out and make up. Work embroidery

motifs in pastel shades to harmonise with chosen fabric.

In cruise linen, 8 to 10 years, price 13/9; 10 to 12 years, 14/9; 12 to 14 years, 15/6.

In linora, 8 to 10 years, 9/9; 10 to 12 years, 10/6; 12 to 14 years, 11/3. Plus 9d. for postage.

Or you may secure a paper pattern only for 1/4; and embroidery transfer for 1/6.



194

THIS dressing jacket is made of good quality crepe-de-chine, with touches of hand-embroidery. Full details below.

SWEET LITTLE BED JACKET

CAN you imagine yourself in a lovely crepe-de-chine bed jacket? Of course you can! The one shown at top right is obtainable from our Needlework Department all ready to cut out and embroider. The pattern is clearly traced on white, pink, palest pink, sky, light sage, gold-dust, mauve, and apple-green.

Work the embroidery in pastel shades of blue, pink, and lemon. Stranded cottons may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 31d. per skein.

Sizes: 32 and 34 bust, price 7/11 complete. 36 and 38 bust, price 8/11, plus 6d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/4. Embroidery transfer, price 1/6.



END CONSTIPATION TO-NIGHT

If you suffer from constipation, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets before retiring. There is no gripping pain, no stomach upset. In the morning Finsen acts . . . thoroughly effectively, yet so gently and mildly. Except for the pleasant relief Finsen brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. NYAL FIGSEN is a pleasant-tasting, natural laxative that is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Finsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/32 a tin. The next best thing to Nature . . .

Nyal Finsen
FOR CONSTIPATION



214

THIS smart little frock for girls 8 to 14 years is described above.

FOR TINY TOTS

THE dainty and useful garments shown left come in white, sky, light sage, pink, and green crepe-de-chine. Pattern is clearly traced ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider.

Sizes: 2 to 4 years, petticoat, 6/3; bloomers, 4/3; complete set, 10/3; 4 to 6 years, petticoat, 7/3; bloomers, 5/11; complete set, 12/9; 6 to 8 years, petticoat, 7/11; bloomers, 6/3; complete set, 13/9; plus 6d. for postage.

Or paper pattern only, 1/7, and embroidery transfer, 1/6.

ASK for No. 187 when ordering these useful garments from our Needlework Department. Note illustrations at left. Send now!



Guardian
FAMILY
HEALTH SOAP

You'll feel on top o' the world after a bath with GUARDIAN'S

TRIPLE ACTION LATHER

IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR THE FAMILY when you first buy Guardian. M'mm such a healthy tang . . . great handfuls of thick, creamy lather that chase away stale stickiness and set you tingling all over with a glorious feeling! And Guardian's as good as its name—its mild medication gets rid of germs as well as dirt. It's the best fourpenn'orth your money can buy!

LOOK! BIG FAMILY SIZE

If it's real value you're after, switch to Guardian. It's an extra large tablet . . . a special family size . . . and so firm that it lasts and lasts.

4^d A TABLET

or **2** for **7¹/₂**
(City and Suburbs)

PAIN YOU CAN'T
"Explain"

★ **AMAZING ACTEVIN**
(anti-spasm) compound
Ends Needless Suffering
Every Month . . .

ALREADY five out of every nine women have changed to Myzone for better relief of period pain. For Myzone's own actevin (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick—and more complete and lasting—relief without any "doping."

WHEN you feel you are going mad with those dragging muscular cramps . . . when headache and sick-feeling and that dreadful weakness make you want to sit down and cry . . . let Myzone bring you blessed ease.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are absolutely safe, and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try Myzone with your very next "pain." All chemists.

by day...

... working
in the canteen



by night...

... winning adoration



with Pond's Lips and
Pond's Powder

She has taken her place in the War Effort, yes... but she keeps her heart-catching beauty with Pond's Powder and Lipstick.

Pond's Powder was made specially to your orders! You asked for a powder with the softest, finest texture of all... so we made it for you... Pond's Powder. So soft, it clings for hours. And glare-proof — to give your skin that flattering "soft focus" look even in glaring summer sunlight.

And! Eating, smoking, swimming, kissing — Pond's "Lips" keep their glowing colour. Creamy-textured, to make the caress of your lips soft as the touch of velvet. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Powder and Lipstick. Six exquisite shades to choose from.

Make this Test—Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm. Apply beside it any other lipsticks. Leave on four minutes. Wipe off excess with tissue, then see for yourself which leaves a deeper, more permanent colouring.

Pond's
Lipstick "A"
Lipstick "B"



Pond's Lips



Pond's Powder

Made by the makers of Pond's Famous Creams.





TEA FOR TWO. Mrs. R. M. Skeet, who comes from Sumatra, and Mr. F. W. Clifton, of Shanghai, meet at opening of club rooms for Far East Welfare Auxiliary, at 8a Castlereagh Street.



HOME AGAIN. Lieutenant Gordon Walker, who escaped from Malaya, at the door of his house at Double Bay, with his wife.



LUNCHTIME SCENE at Sydney Day Nursery. Tuck Shop. Sailors Alan Hearn and Marcus Bower are served by Mrs. Malcolm Arnott (left) and Diana Minter. Tuck shop is in Beach Road, Darling Point.

Intimate JOTTINGS

HUGE American flag floating from white flagpole makes grand splash of color against brown-washed walls of building where is situated American Centre at 130 Phillip Street.

Centre promises to be busy place from now on. Committee is flat out with plans for well-being of members of U.S. Forces. Secretary Mrs. Malcolm Arnott tells me that already one concert is given for the lads, and others are being arranged.

Most pressing problem is construction of recreation centre and hostel, but prospect of finding suitable area of land in centre of city is rather remote.

At centre I see piles of boxes . . . "cakes and doughnuts," says Mrs. Arnott . . . "100 dozen of latter made and despatched this week."

Mesdames Ely Palmer, C. H. Maxwell, K. Y. Kerr and Evans Jones are among the cooks who are making every day a baking day for the boys.

TOWN CLERK. Roy Hendy, proposes toast for Margaret Cowlishaw when she celebrates twenty-first birthday with high tea at home at Hunters Hill . . . Roy is guardian, but now relinquishes that duty.

Margaret is only daughter of late Harold and of Mrs. Cowlishaw. Among guests is Mrs. J. G. Pagan, of Balatta.

HEAR about hospital transport scheme from Edith Raine, organiser of Red Cross transport section . . . involves evacuation in emergency of patients in metropolitan hospitals to own homes.

Already number of patients in each hospital is kept at minimum . . . this means nurses have to be taken to private homes to attend them.

Billy O'Connell, in charge of Prince Alfred and King George, is absorbed in task of making roster of drivers and cars. Nola Dekyvere is working for Children's Hospital, Mrs. Storey Allen for Balmalm, Mrs. Keith Brown at Parramatta, and Mrs. Alan Lloyd at St. Vincent's.

They all need recruits, as more cars available more smoothly plan will be carried on.



CANDID CAMERA finds Ann Bevan (left) and her fiancé, Bill Stuart, with Mayberry Egan, enjoying an aperitif at Hotel Australia. Ann and Bill just announce engagement.

SAD adventure befalls Enid Haloran . . . she and sister, Mrs. Marjorie O'Connor, go to mountains to prepare their house at Katoomba in case they want to evacuate. After strenuous week-end of cleaning and painting Marjorie returns to Sydney, but Enid remains.

In middle of night hears strange noise. On getting out of bed to investigate sees mysterious figure in hallway. Enid does not wait to inquire who visitor is, but takes leap out of window and ends up in garden with ankle broken.

Is now a patient in the Blue Mountains District Hospital, and will probably be there for some weeks.

A DATE for my diary . . . meeting of R.A.A.F. Mothers, Wives, and Sisters' Club on April 14 at Scot Chambers, Hosking Place.

"HOUSE FULL" sign greets me at Town Hall, where grand variety concert is given . . . proceeds to buy mobile canteen for civilian use wherever it may be needed in emergency.

Concert is organised by A.B.C. Staff War Funds Committee . . . notice president, Arthur Holman, and secretary, Mary Fahey, in audience.

Well-known artists contribute their services . . . among them Harold Williams, Minnie Love, Babe Scott, and Stella Wilson, who comes from Melbourne for brief visit.

CONGRATULATIONS to Captain and Mrs. Vincent Fairfax . . . their second child and first son is born at St. Luke's Hospital . . . mother and baby both well.

While Mrs. Fairfax is at St. Luke's her little daughter Sally is at family home, Wanawang, Castle Hill.

AT RED CROSS SHIPPING DEPOT. Mesdames Ken Williams and Molly Grey carefully pack primus stoves for despatch to Red Cross establishments.



A LOVELY BRIDE. Vera Andrews, who marries Lieutenant Robert Chrichton Allison, of Canterbury, Melbourne. Reception takes place at Royal Motor Yacht Club.

UMBRELLA NEEDED. Pilot-Officer Bill Campbell opens umbrella to shelter his bride, Heather McLeod, from the rain as they leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point.



JUST MARRIED. Pilot-Officer Harry Hodges, of Melbourne, and bride, Ruth Longley, wed at St. Jude's, Randwick. Ruth is in W.A.A.F., and has leave granted for marriage ceremony.

Heard Around TOWN

EXCITING week for pretty Jean Milne, who announces engagement to Lieut. Hugh Ross, A.I.F., son of late John Knox Ross, of Anderfer, Harden. Mother, Mrs. M. Ryan, gives luncheon at Prince's and invites Hugh's mother, Mrs. Doris Olding, and Louise, Mrs. Geoff O'Neil, Helen Milne, Joy Oswald, and Joan Hufton.

Few days later Jean and Helen give kitchen tea at home at Bellevue Hill for Shirley Nelson, who marries Bob Loneragan this Saturday at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay.

TO Melbourne goes Dr. James Conquest to announce engagement to Eileen (Pompey) Peppard . . . announcement is celebrated with parties at both their homes.

Pompey is daughter of Mrs. Alice Peppard, of Clifton Hill, Melbourne, and her fiancé youngest son of the A. J. Conquests, of St. Kilda . . . since October he is resident at Lewisham Hospital.

Pompey has most interesting job at Navy office.

NOW in Inverell . . . Mrs. John Inman, who recently stays with her mother, Mrs. C. Hobson, at Brisbane.

IAN and Joan Platt Hepworth will have their son christened at Bowral, which is to be Joan's address for some time . . . baby will probably be named after his father.

Joan's mother, Mrs. W. McGrath, comes down from Bowral to take her home.

MRS. JOHN GADEN closes up home at Bellevue Hill and takes her three children, Roalyn, Philippa, and baby John, to Carcoar.

LIEUT. JOHN PARSONS and Molly Joyce lunch in town on day they announce engagement . . . John's in the Army and Molly in W.A.A.F., and their weekly leave fortunately coincides.

Molly is member of well-known Queensland family and daughter of late Edgar and Mrs. Joyce, of The Overflow, Beaudesert.

She is wearing beautiful solitaire diamond ring . . . no plans yet made for marriage. John, elder son of the A. J. Parsons, of Woolahra, is treasurer of Overseas League for number of years.

LIEUT. DOUG MURCHISON is anxiously waiting for some leave . . . wants to come to Sydney to see his wife and baby daughter, who is born at Minto hospital, Rose Bay . . . Doug is in camp in another State.

Robyn is to be name for baby. When Betty leaves hospital she will stay with her mother, Mrs. R. McDougall, at Vaucluse.

TRIP to Melbourne for Angus Lightfoot Walker and wife, Amber.

They intend to stay there for two weeks and are making Menzies' their headquarters.

Betty

HE was sweet to Aunt Lide so that of her own accord she kissed him and then there forgave me for forsaking my problematical musical career. He took just the right note with the Commercial Club committee, modestly deprecating that busy men would take time from their own affairs to welcome him.

He met the reporters from our two papers with a flustering degree of camaraderie, stressing the brother-craftsman angle so pointedly that I wanted to shake him. He even posed agreeably for the self-important personage who made local moving pictures.

It was up in our bedroom that he exploded, but softly so that Aunt Lide—for whom he already appeared to entertain some degree of affection—would not hear.

"Listen, Kit, if I thought for one moment—"

I freed one hand and laid it across his lips.

"Don't say it, darling. You'll be sorry. You always are! Don't you understand?—they're only being kind. You're something special to them—a symbol of achievement."

His tenderness relaxed against me. He kissed my fingers.

"A fool, me chouldine."

"But a successful one," I said.

"Besides—" I hesitated, trying to decide how best to break this particular piece of news.

"Yes," he said impatiently. "Go on. What is it?"

"Nothing," I said, "except that I'm afraid Aunt Lide's promised that you'll . . . Don't look at me like that, Shawn Cosgrave! It's not my fault. I wouldn't have done it myself and—if I'd known—"

He took a step forward. "Stop telling me what you wouldn't have done—What's been promised?"

"That you'll be the guest speaker at the Woman's Club—to-morrow," I said and then fled, my hands over my ears.

The storm raged over and about my head all during the time we dressed for dinner and then subsided into sweet peace in the drawing-room as Aunt Lide proffered glasses of sherry and apologised for the lack of the cocktails which she knew we must miss.

Shawn, again on his best behaviour, disclaimed all interest in cocktails, praised the sherry and professed himself to be courteously interested in his role for to-morrow. Of course he'd talk to the Woman's Club—delighted—although what a writer of detective fiction could say that would interest them—

"Anything," Aunt Lide said firmly and with a certain wistfulness.

"Where you get your plots. How

Murder for Tea

you write and when and under what conditions. How you sold your first book and why you write detective stories instead of regular novels and if you've ever worked with the police—"

"Which I haven't," Shawn said firmly.

It was just then that the door-bell rang. Aunt Lide hurried out.

In a few moments, she came back. "They're coming down now, Kit, and they're so anxious to meet you and your husband. All of your old friends—"

My old friends! I thought "Save the mark" as I advanced to meet them. I knew very well why they'd come. In six years you grow completely out of your friendships. I doubted if anyone present had come out of desire to see me—anxiety to see Shawn rather and curiosity as to what sort of husband Katherine Stanley'd picked up in New York. Well, they could look and welcome. I wasn't ashamed of Shawn.

They were all here, the girls with whom I'd gone to school and the boys I'd danced and flirted with and cheered on at football and basketball games. Evelyn Weir and Martha Malone and Charity Bethune—only it was Evelyn Robertson now and Martha Greene and Chatty Phillips.

"I'm all mixed up," I admitted out of the whirl of kisses and good wishes in which I'd become involved. "Eve, you look just the same and you married Tom Robertson, didn't you? But I'd never have known Norma or Dorothy—she's put on weight—"

Dorothy Judson giggled. "I'm fat, Kit. I know it—you needn't spare my feelings. And I've two boys and one girl and I live three miles out in the country and we raise chickens and I eat what I like and I've forgotten all I ever knew about singing and breath control and I'm willing to admit it. I've lapsed—definitely turned my back upon the giddy-young-things stuff that the rest go in for. I'm a wife and a mother and I love it!"

Well, I thought. But somehow her tone's very defiance robbed it of conviction. Perhaps she thought she loved it and then again—perhaps she only wanted the rest of us to think she did.

I gave it up. I looked about me. "Mart's not fat," I said, "but I'd not have known her either."

I'll admit that probably wasn't the smartest thing to say, but when I'd left Nashiona Martha had been entirely ordinary, the sort of girl you overlook in a crowd. Nondescript

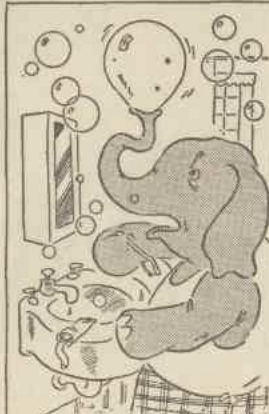
had been, I suppose, the word for her. Hair-colored hair, indefinite eyes, eyebrows too heavily marked, a sacklike figure.

Well. But some time, during the six years I'd been away from Nashiona, all that had changed. Or been changed, rather.

As she stood, Mart was a living example of what a smart beautician could accomplish once he set his mind to it. The dull-colored hair had been brightened with henna and swirled high in a coil that could have originated only in Hollywood. The heavy brows had been plucked and the eyes beneath them made definite with eye shadow. As for her figure—well, art could do no more.

Perhaps she read my thoughts and resented them, for her bright scarlet lips curled a little. "A penny

Animal Antics



"Dawgonit! I've got the shaving cream again!"

for your thoughts, Kit," she said maliciously.

"I was thinking," I said slowly, "that you've turned into a beauty, Mart."

She liked that, of course, but some of the others didn't. I saw glances exchanged and instantly Chatty Phillips flung herself upon me and gave me a quick cool kiss. "What about me?" she demanded. "Kit, I adore your husband—"

"So do I," I said soberly, and hoped she'd remember it even while I knew she wouldn't. Poaching on others' preserves wasn't a crime with Chatty—it was a pastime.

I didn't bother answering that jealous slap at Mart, either. I didn't think it necessary. Chatty was beautiful. She always had been. Even as a child her progress down the streets had been marked by people stopping to stare after her. She was a lovely blonde, her features were flawless, her skin a dream of cream and roses, and her mouth as soft and inviting as a flower. Oh, there was no argument about it—Chatty was beautiful enough. Even the women who suffered the worst because of her had to admit that.

Her name really was Charity, but since her parents had obviously labored under a misapprehension at her birth we'd always called her Chatty. There was nothing of charity in her make-up. She bore two faces, one for men and another for women, and her motto in life was to do to other people, particularly women, what they desired to do to her—only to do it first.

She'd never been one of my particular friends, but neither did I fear her. Now I didn't mind in the least when I discovered that Aunt Lide had given her Shawn for a dinner partner. I'm not jealous of Shawn.

The dinner in itself wasn't remarkable. There were fourteen of us, Aunt Lide having dragged in Dr. Hunter to keep her in countenance. Dr. Hunter is my godfather, and since he'd brought most of the younger crowd of Nashiona into the world he was well informed on their problems.

I sat between him and Tom Robertson, and because Tom refused to talk but devoted himself stolidly to his food I had an excellent opportunity to get the doctor to straighten out the more intricate relationships around me. I was sorry, later, that I'd had that opportunity.

"Phillips," I remember saying,

Continued from page 3

"There weren't any Phillips in town when I left. And Chatty was engaged to Ted Blake—"

Dr. Hunter's bushy eyebrows drew together. "So?" he said.

"So!" I said. "Don't hedge, Doctor. You knew it! And how'd it happen Norma married Ted?" I thought she and Art Judson—

His eyes twinkled. "Your question's in poor taste, my child. Why ask any woman how she happened to—er—capture her mate? Once she has safely married him? Would you like it if I'd ask you how you happened to marry that Irishman yonder?"

"I wouldn't mind," I said honestly, "but I'm afraid I couldn't answer. Because, you see, I didn't marry him—he married me. There's a difference."

He peered at me over his glasses.

"Bless me, yes," he said half under his breath. He shot a quick glance to where Shawn was wrestling with the Chatty problem which was obviously becoming acute since she'd set out deliberately to destroy the balance of the table by snatching him from under Aunt Lide's very nose.

I was watching the quirk of Shawn's mouth which hinted that he was about to become devastatingly rude when the doctor spoke again, urgently this time. "He looks like a good lad, Kit, and I'm glad for you. But take an old man's advice—don't stay here too long with him."

I almost gasped with the shock of it. I said, "Dr. Hunter, what do you mean?"

He said, "Never mind what I mean but I'm not joking. Kit, Nashiona at present isn't conducive to happiness between married couples."

The very tone in which he said it made me comprehend. I drew a long breath, staring at the faces ranged up and down Aunt Lide's table. And suddenly these faces weren't the faces of my friends any more—but those of strangers.

I said slowly, "They've changed, haven't they? I knew but I've been afraid to see. They're all different. And they oughtn't to be. I'm the one who's been away. What's happened? What's gone wrong?"

Dr. Hunter grunted. "Ask me something easier. We're living in a world gone mad, my dear, a world whose values have been turned upside down. Too much money for some of them and not enough for others. Excess in all things and moderation in none. Empty nurseries and well-filled cellars. Unshared and unrecognized responsibilities. Dorothy Judson works her fingers to the bone to make a success of Art's chicken farm while Art crashes telephone poles in company with pretty waitresses from cheap cafes.

"Norma Blake succumbs to bad liquor at a nightclub and spends a week in one of our local hospitals in the process of sobering up while Ted consoles himself with another man's wife."

I shuddered a little. I said, "But they're not all like that, surely. I won't believe it. They can't be, not with what's back of them. I'm not the only one who had an Aunt Lide. They all had them. Respectable backgrounds—"

He interrupted me sternly.

"It was good stock once—yes. I'll grant you that. But remember this, Kit"—and by accident or design his eyes went straight to where Chatty Phillips sat—"it only takes one rotten apple to spoil an entire barrel!"

Yes, I thought rebelliously, and one such conversation to spoil an evening. Because my evening was spoiled. No longer could I pretend to meet these people upon a common ground, not even that of friendship. All that Dr. Hunter had destroyed.

I had only to look at them to see it. It was written plain in Eve's strained smile and the feverish brilliance of Norma's eyes and the lines that drew Dorothy's mouth to incongruous tightness upon her broad and weather-roughened face.

Martha whom I'd remembered as cool and sensible and cautious was an automaton, smoking endless cigarettes and chattering metallically like a jay bird. And Chatty Phillips—Chatty whose lazy insolent voice and tigerish grace of movement were still there but belied by the restlessness of the hunger that moved behind her eyes.

NOR were the men better. From Tom Robertson, who had permitted his hard athlete's body to become the stodgy thing his mind had always been, to Arthur Judson, who had surrendered without protest the direction of his life's rapidly into his wife's capable hands, they were alien to me.

Darlen Greene was fat and bald, while Ted Blake was thin with oysterish circles beneath his eyes. Only with John Phillips could I be comfortable, since having no previous acquaintance with him I felt no necessity to seek a long-ago self in him.

I think we were all glad when the evening was over and the guests had gone. Aunt Lide, conscious that things had somehow miscarried, endeavored gently to apologise.

"It might have been wiser to wait, but your time here will be so short and there will be other invitations—and Eve and the others were so anxious to meet you again—"

I said: "Don't trouble yourself, darling. It was a beautiful idea, and we loved it. That it didn't work out was probably my fault. Traveling always gives me a jaundiced view of the world and the people in it and we've been on trains for the past two days. To-morrow—why, you'll see! To-morrow everything'll look different. It'll be all right then!"

But even as I spoke I was certain that I was wrong, that it wouldn't be different.

I awoke to a morning whose glory of sunlight made the whole world new.

By the time I was dressed I'd persuaded myself that everything was all right, that my vapors of the night had been nothing more than that—vapors—and full of these high hopes and burning with missionary zeal I yearned to convert Shawn as well.

Shawn refused to be converted. He didn't know what I meant—something wrong with my friends. They'd looked normal enough to him. Oh, typically Midwestern and pseudo-sophisticate, stupid once you got past their lip-clipeness. What was I up to? Trying to turn them into a bunch of Russian degenerates in the days before the Revolution with Mrs. Phillips in the role of a sort of super-Rasputin?

I caught my breath a little at that since I'd not mentioned Chatty. But I didn't argue it. I never do. I simply said, "Darling, just for that I hope Chatty stands up on your head for a while. It would do you good!" and stalked off in the direction of the breakfast-room and Aunt Lide's incomparable waffles.

Four waffles and heaven knows how many sausages put Shawn into a seraphic frame of mind and when Aunt Lide, a little timidly, suggested that he must want time to prepare his speech, he allowed himself to be established in the library with a half a dozen sharpened pencils and a pile of blank recipe cards.

I myself spent a nice leisurely morning getting ready for the luncheon that was to precede the Woman's Club meeting. It was to be small and select, just the officers and committee chairmen and Shawn, of course, and I. Aunt Lide had been invited, too, I believe, but had declined, pleading a need for rest. Poor dear! It was the last rest she was to have for some time.

My dress was beyond criticism—I'd seen to that before we left New York—and so I was free to devote my attention to hair and fingernails. I was meticulous about these details. Perhaps I hadn't returned to Nashiona trailing clouds of my own glory, but I had returned an author's wife and by the gods I meant to look it!

The luncheon took place in the Peacock Room at the Nashiona Arms. I suppose it was as charming as the papers said. It seemed very much what I had remembered from other days—dabs of salad lost in wildernesses of lettuce leaves and whipped cream, crepe paper nut cups filled with salted peanuts from the cash-and-carry grocery. I wondered how Shawn liked it.

I couldn't see him because of the huge basket of snapdragons and roses that centred the table, but occasionally I could glimpse the top of his black head as it bent towards the pot of flowers effect I knew was Chatty Phillips' hat.

Please turn to page 26

DRAMA

"Consider Your Verdict"

You are the jury in these half-hour dramatisations of typical trials—filled with the real drama of real life.

Presented by Ellis Price

SATURDAYS, 8.30 p.m.

2GB

ROMANCE

"LOVE STORY GIRL"

Here are her stories—the stories of the loves that might come to any woman.

MON. to THURS.
On the Hour at 1 p.m.
(Com. Wed., April 1)

2GB

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

**Don't cramp
the style of an Arian!
Don't harass him
with restrictions
or conventions!**

ALL Aries-born persons — those with birthdays between March 21 and April 21 — must have opportunities to express themselves, both physically and mentally, if they are to achieve success and happiness in life.

This because they are individuals with a will and a way of their own, and a mighty bad temper and a grouch against the world if they be restricted in any way.

Associates of Arians should remember these characteristics and make allowances for them. They should also make allowance for tendencies towards abruptness, self-assurance, over-confidence, rashness, restlessness, selfishness, and longing for change and excitement. All these traits are parts of the make-up of the individual.

If handled wisely and with understanding, Arians will be found to possess boundless energy, enthusiasm, practical ability, adaptability, initiative, and courage. What's more, they are born leaders, organisers, and bosses.

That is why a big proportion of Arians are officers of the fighting services.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Some good weeks right ahead, so plan wisely and work hard. Much can be gained by sincere effort on March 27 (after 2 p.m.) and March 28 (last). March 29, 30, 31, and 32 (around midnight) and 31 poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): March 27 (to noon only) just fair. March 29 poor.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Recent difficulties may now seem easier, but avoid over-confidence yet. March 27 (after 2 p.m.) and March 28 very fair. March 29, 30, 31, and 32 (last) fair, also March 27, 28, 29, 30, and 31 (strongest) can produce upsels.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Ease up at this time. Difficulties may predominate, especially on March 28 (early), March 29 and 31. Keep to routine.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Worthwhile improvements and changes now possible, so plan ahead and work well. March 24 (before 9 a.m.) fair, also March 27, March 28 best of all. March 29 mixed. March 31 poor.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Things improve somewhat now, but not enough to warrant over-confidence and big changes yet. March 27 best of week, but extravagant or misjudgment likely. March 29 and 31 poor.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Dodge upsels, changes, unpopularity, discord, losses, opposition, and partings of all kinds during these weeks. March 29 and March 31 poor. March 28 (early a.m.) adverse.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Take things quietly on March 29 and March 31 for difficulties and annoyances may predominate. Routine work best now.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Plan well and work hard for improvements and desired changes during current weeks, for your stars favor you. March 27 (after 2 p.m.) good. March 28 excellent, except for extravagance or over-optimism. Be cautious on March 29, 30, and 31 (neutral).

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Particular delays and worries will trouble you at this time unless you are wise and patient. March 29 (early) adverse. March 30 and 31 doubtful. March 29, 30 (last) and 31 poor.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Just fair on March 24 (before 9 a.m.) and on March 27 (before 2 p.m.). Be cautious on March 29 and 31.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Consolidation of past gains will be best now. But March 26 (very early) and March 29 (morning) can produce very fair conditions or some gain. Avoid upsels on March 28 and 31.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is aiding the Secret Service to smash the Octopus Ring, a gang of international spies. As **THE OCTOPUS:** Holds **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, as a hostage, Mandrake joins the gang and causes **SONYA:** One of the spies, to take worthless pictures of coastal fortifications. As a result his death is ordered.

While following a cry from Narda for help, Mandrake falls through a trap-door into a pit of cement and is fighting for life when **LUGA:** Another of the gang, arrives. The latter is gloating over the magician's fate when Mandrake exercises his hypnotic power on him and draws him towards the pit. **NOW READ ON.**



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d

Murder for Tea

Continued from page 24

THE luncheon proceeded inevitably to its climax of peppermint stick ice-cream and squares of an undetermined variety of cake. Suddenly Mrs. James Carver, the president of the Woman's Club, was gazing at her watch. "Mr. Cosgrave, I have no wish to hurry you, but I'm afraid we're due at the auditorium within a very few minutes."

It seemed well to hurry. It was in the dressing-room that Chatty, a vision in green, drew me to one side. I remember that I was surprised that her hand covering mine was ice-cold. She said, "Kit, I'm in an awful jam. Will you help me?"

I'm afraid that I didn't leap joyously at the opportunity. I'd always been suspicious of the brand of Chatty's favors. I said, half-heartedly, "I suppose so. How?"

She didn't look at me. She'd begun to fumble with the catch of her purse.

"I want you to give this to Tom without letting anyone see you."

"Tom!" I said. "What Tom? You don't mean—"

She laughed then, a hard, vicious little laugh.

"I mean just the person you think I mean. Eve's Tom—Tom Robertson. Oh, don't look at me like that, Kit! It's not a love affair—it's just that. This is business."

"Then why?" I asked reasonably. "the secrecy? Why not give it to him yourself?"

Momentarily she became honest. "Because Eve watches Tom like the proverbial hawk. I don't want her to see me with him."

"She surely can't watch him during business hours," I objected. "Not all day. She can't! You make this sound like a book—one of Shawn's books. Mysterious stranger walks into bank and asks to see bank president. After making sure of his bona fides by the exchange of passwords, she—"

But Chatty didn't laugh. She said impatiently, "You don't understand. I told you it was business. There isn't time for me to go to the bank. And he's got to have it to-day!"

I said, "Oh," and "Well, are you expecting me to skip Shawn's performance? Because I won't. It's the first time he's ever done this sort of thing and I want to be there."

She shook her head. "You still don't understand. You won't have to go to the bank—Tom'll be here!"

"That seemed to settle it," I said. "All right" rather ungraciously. "I suppose I can see to it. Hand it over."

She said, "Not that way, you idiot! I told you I didn't want anyone to see. Put your bag down on the dressing-table for a minute. I'll borrow some powder—"

So we did it that way. I edged into the group before the mirror, laid down my bag, and presently heard Chatty's cool voice slide into the innuendo of my conversation with Mrs. Spencer. "Mind if I peek into your compact, Kit? I left mine at home."

I said "Of course not—help yourself" in a rather flat tone, and when I picked up my bag again I felt a hard squarish object within it, an object that hadn't been there before.

It startled me. For some reason I'd thought of a letter.

Later I passed Chatty in the hotel lobby and when she raised her eyebrows I nodded. That was all.

I had my hands full on the way over to the auditorium. Shawn was in the throes of a bad case of stage fright and wanted consolation and reassurance and heaven knows what else—all within the space of a few blocks. To the best of my ability I gave it to him.

The auditorium when we finally got to it was noisy with the subdued rustlings of programmes and the unsubdued murmuring of women's voices. Here and there, if you searched diligently enough, you beheld the grab colorings that were the unmistakable badge of the masculine element. The sight cheered me and I said encouragingly to Shawn, "You see? I was right. There are lots of men here to-day!"

Because the possible lack of masculine company had been Shawn's main reason for looking askance at the Woman's Club invitation.

"You'll see," he told me gloomily, "there won't be a man around. Sorry, Kit, I love you and I'd do almost anything in the world for you, but I draw the line at making a fool of myself in front of a bunch of women. Besides—you know I can't talk!"

I hadn't been sympathetic. I'd said, "Darling, you do well enough most of the time and thirty minutes on his feet wouldn't kill anyone."

"Not you," Shawn'd agreed, lapsing sulkily into rapid Irish, "since it's not your feet you'd be on and you knowing it. Whoever will it be but Seumas Sean O'Toole himself being fed to the lions and them kept ravenous for weeks, no doubt, in the

hope of the tasty morsel he'd be providing—"

I'd interrupted then. I'd said coldly, "To the best of my knowledge and the name you married me under you are not Seumas Sean O'Toole, and if I thought you were I'd divorce you. And it's women, my beloved—not lions."

"The same," Shawn'd told me mournfully, "with the former a bit more dangerous seeing that in these times they're the civilized habit of keeping their lions under lock and key."

"This afternoon, standing at the back of that long auditorium and gazing over the sea of brightly-colored hats, with the memory of the luncheon ordeal still vivid in my mind, I was inclined to sympathise with Shawn. Because he'd really been angelic so far."

I'd reached the place myself where I believed I'd scream aloud if one more upholstered idiot came up to clutch at Shawn's arm and gurgle. "Oh, Mr. Cosgrave, I've read every single one of your books and I think they're perfectly marvellous and I wonder if you'll think me too terribly presumptuous if I ask you a tiny little question about writing. Because I write myself—"

I squeezed Shawn's arm. "Darling," I said, "I surrender. If we come out of this alive, you'll never have to do it again. I promise."

"There's those," Shawn observed gloomily, "that'd be getting such a promise hard and fast into writing or ever they'd trust it!"

I said, "But not my promises, Shawn," and Shawn said, "Even yours, ashore," but he smiled, saying it, so that Mrs. Spencer arriving to escort him to the platform said accusingly, "Why, Mr. Cosgrave! I believe you're flirting with your wife!"

I only heard the beginning of Shawn's retort courteous—"In Nashville then you choose someone else's wife?" and Mrs. Spencer's enjoyably shocked, "Oh, Mr. Cosgrave!" before I too was taken in charge and led to a prominent front seat from which I could see nothing but the platform, but where the audience had a magnificent view of me.

During the first part of the pro-

gramme—numbers by a chorus of women attired in elaborate formal dress—I made an opportunity to open my purse and glance inside. But the packaged whatever it was told me nothing, neither by sight nor feeling. It appeared to be a box of some kind, wrapped in white paper and sealed. It was not addressed.

I closed my purse and occupied myself with abusing Chatty heartily until her voice roused me again to interest and the vague conviction that it was Shawn of whom she was talking. "Great privilege—and pleasure—in of Mr. Cosgrave's reputation—nationally known—literature as an art—she made use of all the old clichés—at this time to introduce our speaker of the afternoon—Mr. Shawn Cosgrave!"

After the first wobbly minute or two, Shawn, as I'd expected, found himself and began patiently to enjoy the novelty of talking to a crowd rather than to an individual. He began to expand, like a flower in water; he became witty and Irish and very confidential and they loved it. He talked so long that I began to think seriously that if this sort of thing was to happen often I'd have to arrange for a brake of some kind.

But he ended at last and sat down amid applause that unloosed a thousand half-heard comments. "Charming—so unspooled—utterly delightful—adorable accent—so typical—"

Typical of what I wondered even while I smiled and acknowledged the plaudits. He was typical of nothing that I knew. He was a lone wolf—an outlaw—a rebel as all Ulstermen are by birth and breeding.

Even though the speech was over, we were not yet free. Mrs. Spencer had arranged for a reception. "Absolutely informal but so many people are anxious to meet you and shake your hand!"

We were aligned before the fireplace in the big oak-paneled lounge along with the various committee chairmen and there we stood until my throat was parched and my feet hurt and my brain was sick with trying to keep from insulting people by not remembering them. I sighed

with relief when finally Mrs. Spencer gave the signal to break ranks.

"And do sit down—oh, yes, indeed—I'll have someone bring your tea to you—"

We obeyed willingly. Shawn mopped his brow, laughed and lit a cigarette. "So this," he said, "is fame!"

Chatty's eye was on mine. She said "Did you?" noiselessly. I was so annoyed that I said "Not yet—I haven't had a chance!" out loud. Shawn said lazily, "What are you talking about?" But I didn't answer. Our tea was arriving.

Try as I may to reconstruct them, the happenings of the next few minutes remain exceedingly vague. I remember Chatty saying "Oh, just a moment!" and I saw her put her plate down upon the table.

I know that people came and went while she was gone and that various ones, among them Bishop Maitland, stood about that table. But that is all I do remember. I saw no hand, gloved or otherwise, hover above that plate as Sergeant O'Connor would have it that it must. All that I remember is Chatty coming back and saying cheerfully, "Well, that's over!" and her taking her plate and lifting its cup to her lips.

And that is all of which I am certain. Because just at that moment I caught sight of Tom Robertson who appeared to be on the verge of departure. I got hastily to my feet. I said, "Oh, there's Tom and he's going and I did want to see him—"

I never finished the sentence. Because china crashed somewhere beside me and as I turned I saw the flowers upon Chatty's hat slip slowly and grotesquely sideways. And then Shawn had a hard hold of me and he was saying "Kit—Kit, darling, close your eyes! Don't look at her—you must!"

Someone near me screamed.

I said, "What is it? What's happened? Chatty? Why, she's ill—"

Shawn shook his head. "No," he said, and even through the rising sharpness of voices his words came clearly to me. "She's dead and I'm afraid it's murder."

As he spoke there drifted nauseatingly to my nostrils a faint odor of bitter almonds.

To be continued

The Marooning of Barny

Continued from page 4

OUT came Barny's dog again, but stopped dead when the gipsy spoke to it. It sniffed, wagged its tail, and followed quietly at the gipsy's heel. He took it for a walk round until the laborers had finished, and then tied it to Barny's gate so that it couldn't follow.

Barny was beside himself with rage when he woke up one morning after very heavy rain, and found the hollow flooded with a good six inches of water. Not that it came to his doorstep yet, for the house had been built on a bit of a terrace to keep down the damp, but it was inconvenient living on an island. It was only six inches of water, mind you, but it was all round them, and Barny and his wife had to paddle round in gum boots.

"You've got to do something about it, Maxwell," says his wife.

"What'd you think I've done?" asks Barny, irate.

"You're stickin' here like an obstinate old cuckoo, when you've been offered a good house. We ought to fit. We'll be the laughin' stock of the district."

So not wanting to leave, as I said, Barny waited until night and went and dug a channel through the dam to let the water out.

The captain came over the following day to see what the rains had done, let loose a few phrases he'd learned up at Pindi, and sent his men down again. Military like, he left armed sentries there after that, and Barny could only splash round and curse.

When the water reached the doorstep his wife left him, the captain having sent round a boat to ferry her off. He also gave her a comfortable job in his kitchen until things were settled.

When the water had got into the living-rooms downstairs, Barny went up a floor, and having made a raft, managed to keep a stock of provisions. Just like Venice, it was, and it came to be one of the sights. Bus loads from the city would come and laugh at Barny on a Sunday

afternoon, which the captain allowed because he thought it might make him move.

But he didn't know Barny. The captain got a bit worried when the water had risen half-way up the bedroom windows, for nothing had been seen of Barny for two days. So the captain sends a boat across to investigate.

When they were a few yards from the house, out popped Barny from the skylight. He took aim with his shotgun, blew a fair-sized hole in the bottom of the boat, and sank it. The captain's men swam to the house and clung on, which was the worst thing they could have done, for Barny starts flailing round with his gun butt. However, he didn't do much damage apart from bruises, and a raft was made to get them to the shore again.

Barny couldn't last out much longer, the village said, and they began to make bets on it.

"Attaboy, Barny! There's a five-bet out for you if you stick out till the thirty-first."

But Barny was obstinate, and it was the middle of August before he showed signs of weakening.

A night of extra heavy rain settled it, for they found him one morning in a mackintosh sitting on the chimney like the statue, "The Thinker," as the water had flooded the rafters.

The captain went over in the boat and offered him a meal and hot coffee, seditiously, but Barny took it the wrong way, and got so excited that he fell off into the water. The captain was for taking him off there and then, but Barny swam back to his chimney.

The captain lunched at the lake-side so as to be in at the death, and at about three o'clock Barny looked as if the cold was beginning to strike through, and he started to swim away.

Well, there were both groans and cheers from the backers, but the captain seemed glad, for he had

furnished a fine new house for Barny, and the farmer's wife would be there waiting with a good meal ready.

The captain followed a few yards behind him in his boat, courteously offering him a lift every two or three minutes. It all looked just like a cross-channel swim, except that Barny hadn't much of what you might call style.

Then, about fifty yards from the house, Barny's head disappeared under the water, leaving a little trail of bubbles.

The spectators set up a roar of sympathetic consternation. But the captain acted promptly, and heaved him inboard with a boathook, just like gaffing an ugly great salmon.

Nobody expected Barny to look grateful for this uncalculated bit of rescue work. In fact, everybody thought he would try to capsize the captain's new boat, but I've never seen a man so changed as he was then. Of course, I expect the wetting had something to do with it, but still, he was a different man, dejected is the word, not even swearing. There was a sort of sullen resignation in his eyes, you've-gotten-now, but just-you-wait kind of look.

After that it didn't turn out so badly, for Barny brightened up a lot when he saw his new home and land, and now he's as jealous of that land as he was of the other, so that whenever the captain strolls down Barny starts cursing and orders him off.

Although it's his own ground, the captain doesn't seem to mind, for he's a decent sort of chap, and humors Barny, just as he did over Devil's Hole. He's even given him permission to fish, but from what I hear, Barny wasn't too polite about it, ungrateful really.

However, if you ever get permission to row over the lake, steer your boat for the top of the poplar that sticks up in the middle; for if you drop your oar over the side and feel round, you'll touch Barny's chimney.

(Copyright)

£5000 RED CROSS DREAM HOME

ExtraPrizes!! ExtraPrizes!! ExtraPrizes!!

Gorgeous Shirley Temple Doll
Splendid Mickey Rooney Boxing Gloves

Special autographed gifts of these famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars flown from Hollywood.

Glorious opportunity FREE for all holders of tickets in the Red Cross Dream Home Appeal.

RETURN YOUR TICKET BUTTS NOW AND WIN ONE OF THESE WONDERFUL PRIZES.

Every butt in the barrel by April 18 will have a chance to win the Shirley Temple Doll or the Mickey Rooney Boxing Gloves. These are EXTRA prizes to be won by those whose BUTTS are returned promptly.

In addition, of course, EVERY ticket will have its chance to win the £5000 Dream Home, and all other prizes to be won in the final drawing on May 28.

The Secretary, RED CROSS DREAM HOME,
Box 55CC, G.P.O., Sydney.

I understand that everyone who returns butts and cash before April 18 will have a chance of winning Boxing Gloves or Doll as advertised.

I am returning herewith butts of tickets in the Dream Home with £ d in payment for them.

I would like you to send me by return tickets in the Dream Home, and I enclose £ d for them.

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose 3d. stamp for postage on tickets.



SET OUT PLANTS now of the glorious Oriental poppy. This gorgeous flower blooms in late spring and early summer. It is hardy and will grow almost anywhere with reasonable care.

BRIGHTEN up your home with these . . . !

- Drive away dull care with color in your garden. Sow seeds, plant seedlings now! The world will seem a different place when poppies nod their fragile cups and the fragrance of sweet peas pervades the wintry air . . . SAYS OUR HOME GARDENER.

IT'S getting a bit late for sowing seed of Iceland poppies, but seedlings can be set out any time, and with reasonable care should grow quickly and flower when the rest of the garden is asleep. Sweet peas can be sown as late as the first week in June, but the earlier the better.



HARDY, frost-reusting, and colorful Iceland poppies. Rich, fertile soil will produce the blooms you desire, and their color will brighten up the home and its surroundings. Set out seedlings in sunny beds now.



WITH MORE GLORIOUS COLORS than Joseph's coat to its credit, the fragrant sweet pea is hard to beat. Trench the soil well, buy good seed, and you will not find it difficult to obtain long-stemmed flowers. Thin out plants if too crowded. For success plants should be 12 inches apart . . . and remember, they are lime-lovers, so give them plenty.



HYBRID CALCEOLARIAS are not outdoor plants, but seed can be sown now in pans in the glasshouse. These glorious, purse-shaped flowers are obtainable in a wide range of colors. By the way, if you would like some specific hints on how to raise them to perfection write to our Home Gardener.

A LAYER PRODUCT 7.103.2

Curls, rolls, without pins ...



Our beauty expert shows you back and front views of three smart hair-styles that can be easily managed without pins.



ABOVE is shown the unbroken roll coiffure. Full details below.

● If you fancy yourself in any one of these, copy them; they're easy to do.

GO give yourself the neat, unbroken roll shown above you need a wide, soft ribbon. Even an old silk stocking will serve!

It will suit you if you have a small or narrow face, because the brushed-up look gives your features length and width.

Brush your hair down first, then tie the ribbon or stocking round your head over your hair. Taking small locks of hair at a time, brush it up and tuck it in over the band all round your head. In front take your hair up in one broad sweep and turn it in.

If you use a silk stocking you'll need the fairly thick hair that doesn't "part" easily. If you have very fine hair it's better to use a ribbon, so that it doesn't matter whether it shows or not.

Swept into a snood

IF your perm is growing old, the style shown top right will help you to manage a lot of hair quite easily. It's done without a single pin or grip, simply with the help of a hair ribbon and a snood.

Divide your hair straight across the top and pull the back hair to the centre back.

Thread your snood with fine elastic all round the edge, then thread just the top for about six inches with an inch-wide ribbon, long enough to tie in a bow on top of your head.

Brush the back hair very sleek and smooth and slip it into the snood, as you see in the picture, then tie the ribbon of the snood on top of your head.

Divide the front hair with a side parting and turn it back over the ribbon in front and at the sides, keeping your hair smooth and fairly flat to your head. You can show a centre parting if it suits you, or keep your hair in one unbroken roll in front.

If your hair is naturally curly,



FRONT VIEW of short, curly hair-style that suits girls in their teens as well as older women.



BACK VIEW of a very becoming coiffure. If you've looked for a permanent wave, consider this.

the coiffure shown just above is the gayest, smartest hair-style you could have. It's adorable on young people, and takes ten years off anyone over thirty!

It means having your hair cut pretty short — about three inches long all over your head, but that's an economy in itself because when it grows you can simply change to a different style.

Then you can have it set in lots

SWEPT into a snood—a style that will suit so many of you.

How to counteract night-blindness

By MEDICO

TEMPORARY blindness caused by the glare from headlights of an approaching car may cause an accident.

Bad vision in a dim light is often due to lack of Vitamin A in the diet. That is why, in England, the men who fly pursuit planes and night bombers are given foods that contain ample Vitamin A.

In the case of children, lack of Vitamin A means poor growth, weak bones, bad teeth, and a greater chance of infection.

Dryness of skin and hair sometimes result from too little Vitamin A. A diet which is lacking in Vitamin A for a long period may result in a disease of the eyes called xerophthalmia.

To make sure that you are getting sufficient Vitamin A, include the following foods in your diet: Milk, cheese, vegetables, fruits, liver and egg. Yellow and green vegetables contain the most Vitamin A. The darker the yellow or green coloring the richer the vitamin content.

Parsley is the vegetable richest in Vitamin A. Turnips, apricots, sweet potatoes, spinach, water-cress and carrots also contain Vitamin A.

Vitamin A is not easily destroyed by cooking, so about the same amounts are present in raw and cooked foods. It does disappear from fats that turn rancid, and from food stored for a long time, unless sealed airtight.

Liver is especially rich in Vitamin A. It provides about eight times the total daily need in a quarter-pound serving. Serve liver at least once a week to the family.

of upturned curls all round your head, the sides sweeping up into two sleek rolls, the front twisted back in a "quiff".

In a day or two the curls will become simply curly ends, just as pretty, and no trouble at all to keep. Your hair will take two minutes to do, or as long as it takes to run a comb and brush upwards through the little curls. They'll fall into place by themselves.

PROVED by Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests New Shampoo Thrills Thousands!



Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:
1. Up to 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Faster, safer "perming".
4. Helps keep hair's elasticity.

BLONDE MODEL SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE:
LEFT—Soap-washed side. Hair dulled by "alkali-film."
RIGHT—Colimated side. Hair shining, silky-bright!

No other shampoo tested

beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle!

HERE is, perhaps, the strictest and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make on a shampoo. And it proves this revolutionary new shampoo gives almost unbelievable results—a triumph for the exclusive patented "Colimating" process.

In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with Colimated foam—the other with soap or powder shampoo. And the results?

1. The Colimated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap, not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff completely.

No special rinses needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo!)

Make a note to ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colimated foam Shampoo.

Half hair washed with Colimated foam—the other half with soap or powder shampoo—so nothing affected results except the shampoo themselves.



Heads "Permed" Take Notice: Colimated foam-washed hair is drier, less itchy, more manageable. So take a lovely wave!

ODO-RO-NO Ends Perspiration

Why be content with halfway measures... You want to be sure the aura of perspiration does not follow you, or that your clothes are not contaminated with its mal odour. Only by stopping perspiration, a safe practice in the underarm, doctors say, can you be sure you are free from perspiration odour.

Two kinds:
Odorono "Regular"
"Instant" Odorono

Prices 1/1, 2/1 and 3/8

Proved Scientific Way Frees Chronic Sufferers From BRONCHITIS

Catarrh, Bronchial Asthma, Antrum And Sinus Trouble

Based on the researches of the famous Louis Pasteur, the immunisation treatment known as Lantigen "B" has relieved thousands of sufferers from Bronchitis, Catarrh, Bronchial Troubles, Antrum and Sinus Trouble when other treatments have failed.

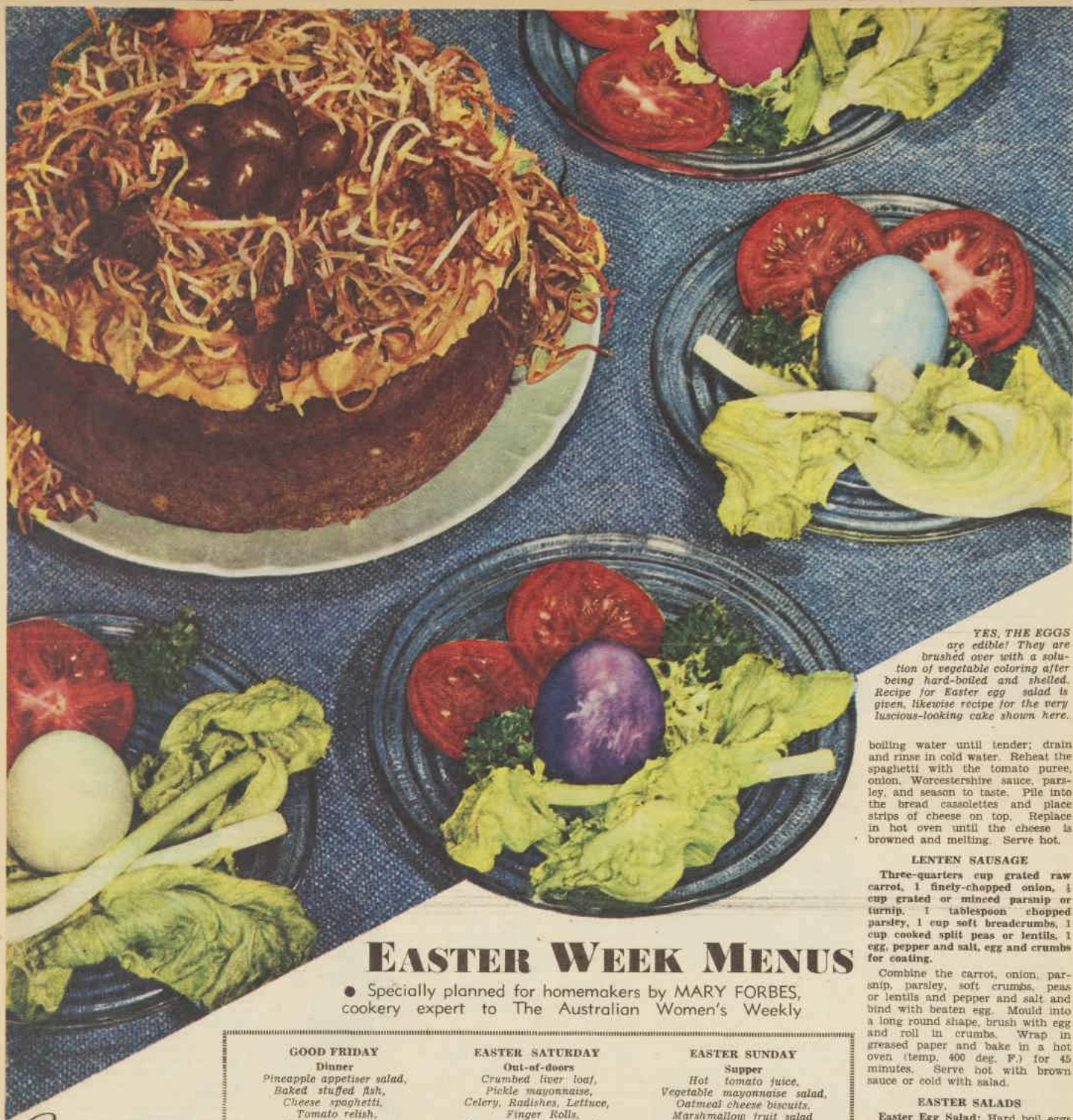
Bronchitis and catarrh begins in the nasal passages, often resulting from a neglected cold. It is caused by germs of several kinds. Often it causes serious chest complaints, deafness, head aches, constantly recurring Colds, Indigestion, Constipation, Skin Troubles, etc. Chronic Bronchitis and Catarrh do not get better without bacteriological treatment. Lantigen is such a treatment and treats Catarrh successfully by attacking each germ separately.

It builds up the system so that the Catarrh germs are destroyed and removed, and immunity is built up so that the symptoms do not return.

Sufferers report: "Catarrh in ear. Took Lantigen treatment. Hearing restored after one bottle." "Catarrh for many years. Lantigen cleared it up. Heavy feeling disappeared. Marked improvement in general health." "LANTIGEN "B" for Bronchitis is sold and recommended by all chemists.

Lantigen "B"
OPALOVACCINE

Edinburgh Laboratories, 103 Fife St., Sydney



YES, THE EGGS are edible! They are brushed over with a solution of vegetable coloring after being hard-boiled and shelled. Recipe for Easter egg salad is given, likewise recipe for the very luscious-looking cake shown here.

boiling water until tender; drain and rinse in cold water. Reheat the spaghetti with the tomato puree, onion, Worcestershire sauce, parsley, and season to taste. Pile into the bread casseroles and place strips of cheese on top. Replace in hot oven until the cheese is browned and melting. Serve hot.

LENTEN SAUSAGE

Three-quarters cup grated raw carrot, 1 finely-chopped onion, 1 cup grated or minced parsnip or turnip, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup cooked split peas or lentils, 1 egg, pepper and salt, egg and crumbs for coating.

Combine the carrot, onion, parsnip, parsley, soft crumbs, peas or lentils and pepper and salt and bind with beaten egg. Mould into a long round shape, brush with egg and roll in crumbs. Wrap in greased paper and bake in a hot oven (temp. 400 deg. F.) for 45 minutes. Serve hot with brown sauce or cold with salad.

EASTER SALADS

Easter Egg Salad: Hard boil eggs for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse in cold water and chill. When cold, remove shells and brush with a solution of vegetable coloring (green, yellow, pale pink, pale blue). Serve with crisp salad greens, celery curls, and mayonnaise.

Humpty Dumpty Salad: Hard boil eggs for 10 to 15 minutes, rinse in cold water, chill, remove shells and slice the tip from one end. Coat with thick mayonnaise to which gelatine, dissolved in hot water, has been added (1 teaspoon gelatine to 1 cup mayonnaise). Chill and decorate one side of egg with gherkin or vegetable shapes to form a Humpty Dumpty face. Serve with salad greens.

Souped Fish Salad: Prepare the fish by marinating in a liberal sprinkling of vinegar, sliced white onion, and herbs. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 10 minutes to each pound. Lift from liquid and allow to become cold. Flake, carefully removing bones. Pile high on to shredded lettuce and circle with thinly sliced cucumber and then thinly sliced beetroot. Garnish top with grated egg-yolk, surrounded by a circle of chopped parsley. Serve with mayonnaise or a dressing of equal parts of salad oil and lemon juice.

EASTER WEEK MENUS

● Specially planned for homemakers by MARY FORBES, cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

GOOD FRIDAY

Dinner

Pineapple appetiser salad,
Baked stuffed fish,
Cheese spaghetti,
Tomato relish,
Hot cross buns,
Coffee.

EASTER SATURDAY

Out-of-doors

Crumbed liver loaf,
Pickle mayonnaise,
Celery, Radishes, Lettuce,
Finger Rolls,
Orange and Raisin Muffins,
Fruit Cup.

EASTER SUNDAY

Supper

Hot tomato juice,
Vegetable mayonnaise salad,
Oatmeal cheese biscuits,
Marshmallow fruit salad
(in orange cups),
Easter nest cake, Coffee.

EASTER, like Christmas, has its traditional food: Hot cross buns and fish for Good Friday, a simnel cake or some appropriately decorated cake to cut into over the week-end, and, of course, a feast of good things for dinner on Easter Sunday.

To help you over Easter I have planned three menus, and give you recipes for the more important dishes, for delicious hot cross buns, and Easter-egg favors.

HOT CROSS BUNS

One pound flour, 1oz. compressed yeast, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, 2oz. sultanas, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, glazing of boiled sugar, water and spices.

Warm the milk to blood heat and add to the crumbled yeast mixed with 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 teaspoon flour. Stand in a warm (not hot) place for 15 minutes for the yeast to become spongy. Sift the flour and salt and rub in the butter; add the sugar and sultanas. Beat the egg well and stir lightly into the yeast sponge and then mix into the flour, stirring to a soft dough. Stand, covered, in a warm place to rise and double its bulk. This takes

about 40 minutes. Turn out on to a warmed floured board, and knead until smooth and elastic. Cut into about 18 pieces, knead into rounds and mark each piece with a deep cross. Place on a warmed (not hot) greased tray, fairly close together. Set in a warm place to rise for 15 minutes. Then bake in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Glaze with boiled glaze of sugar, water, and spices, and return to oven for 1 minute.

EASTER NEST CAKE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 3oz. flour, 2oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon milk, vanilla essence, 3 tablespoons coarsely-shredded browned coconut, cream, small Easter eggs.

Prepare a recessed cake tin or a 5-inch cake tin. Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly. Beat in the egg-yolks and then the tablespoon of milk and essence to flavor. Stir in the sifted flours, baking powder, and salt, and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Cook in

a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Turn out and when cold pipe whipped cream into a nest shape on top (scoop slightly if a recessed tin not used) and cover cream with browned coconut. Fill the centre with tiny Easter eggs and poise a fluffy Easter chick on the edge.

BAKED FISH

The baked fish is a traditional Good Friday dish. Fat or lean, large or small fish may be baked. If fish is lean and dry, brush with oil or melted butter and cook with a moist stuffing. If fish is large, cover with greased paper or bake slowly in a thickly-greased pan (temp. 325 deg. F.), allowing 10 to 15 minutes per lb. Smaller fish, that are sweet and tender, may be cooked more quickly (temp. 400 deg. F.). Fillets or cutlets of fish may be baked in milk or rolled in milk and crumbs and baked in melted butter in a quick oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 7 to 10 minutes or until the flesh is white and flaky.

Note: Season the fish with pepper and salt and cut lemon before cooking.

Suggested stuffings for whole baked fish: Breadcrumbs or rice bound with egg and melted butter and flavored with any of the following—herbs, onion, tomatoes, mushrooms, oysters, capers, chutney, pickles, horseradish.

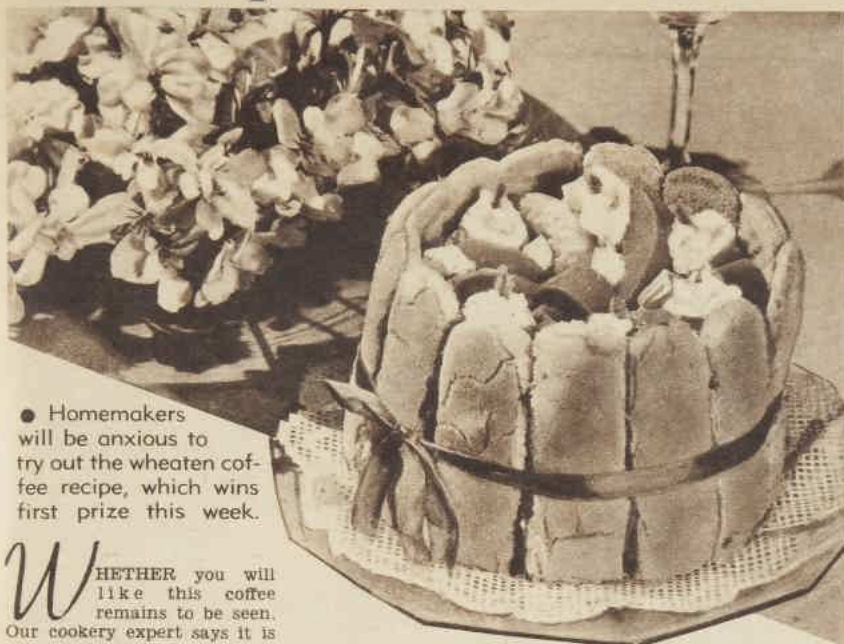
Suggested accompaniments for baked fish: Cheesed spaghetti, corn-stuffed tomatoes, pineapple fritters, grated carrot and shredded cabbage; whole beet and hard-boiled eggs; cucumber sauce; horseradish brown sauce; tartare sauce.

CHEESE AND SPAGHETTI CASSOLETTES

Four ounces spaghetti, 1 curl lemon rind, salt, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3oz. cheese, 3 or 4 slices bread, melted butter, pepper and salt.

Cut rounds from the bread, press into greased patty tins and brush with melted butter and pepper and salt, and bake in a hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) for 7 minutes or until lightly browned. Cook the spaghetti with the lemon rind in fast

Cash prizes for these!



● Homemakers will be anxious to try out the wheaten coffee recipe, which wins first prize this week.

WHETHER you will like this coffee remains to be seen. Our cookery expert says it is very good. She has tried it.

We remind enterprising readers that cash prizes are given every week for home-tested recipes. We want recipes in keeping with the times—recipes for attractive, satisfying, economical food.

Win a prize with your good recipe.

WHEATEN COFFEE

One pound wheat, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 small teaspoon salt.

Wash and drain wheat, add sugar and salt, and mix well, then bake slowly in oven for about 6 or 7 hours. Stir from time to time to prevent burning, as burnt grains spoil the flavor. Care should be taken to cook slowly and well to bring out the full flavor. I usually bake about 4 lb. of wheat at a time in a large baking dish.

To Make a Cup of Coffee: Allow 1 tablespoon of prepared wheat (or more or less according to strength preferred). Pour boiling water on wheat and let boil. Strain; add sugar and milk to taste.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Sid Pilon, Taloon, Tallimba, N.S.W.

ORANGE LEMON MARSH-MALLOW TART

For Pastry: Beat 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon sugar together, add 1 egg, then 1 to 1½ cups self-raising flour. Roll out. Line cake-tin, prick bottom with fork. Bake till golden brown.

For Orange Lemon Cheese: Put into a saucepan 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, juice of large orange, few drops lemon essence. Bring to boil. Thicken with 1 dessertspoon custard powder, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, and stir over gentle heat for a few minutes. Lift and pour into pastry shell. Let cool.

For Marshmallows: Mix 1 cup sugar with 1 cup boiling water. Dissolve 1 tablespoon gelatine in 1 cup boiling water. When cold, add to syrup with a few drops of vanilla essence or lemon juice. Beat 10 minutes and pour over other mixture. Sprinkle with coconut if desired.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. B. Richardson, Mareeba, Qld.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

The value of test-feeding

MANY babies are weaned early, not because there is insufficient breast-milk for them, but because of troubles resulting from too much food, or food taken too quickly.

Regulation of the milk supply can usually be established when the mother knows just how much baby is taking, and also just how quickly baby is getting the milk.

This adjustment can be simply made by the use of a reliable pair

of scales for test-weighing baby just before and after each feed.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

PEANUT NUTTIES

Four cups cornflakes, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, 1 cup peanuts, whites of 2 eggs, 1½ tablespoons butter, pinch of salt.

Place cornflakes, sugar, coconut, and peanuts in basin; pour over them melted butter, and add stiffly-beaten whites of eggs to which pinch of salt has been added. Fill small cake containers with mixture and bake half an hour in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Dorothy Croker, Kempton, via Crookwell, N.S.W.

DRIED MILK ICE-CREAM

Take 4 tablespoons of dried milk and mix with 3 tablespoons cold water, add to it 2 cups of fresh milk and ½ cup sugar.

Mix 1 teaspoon of gelatine in 1 cup hot water until dissolved, and add to above mixture. Flavor with three teaspoons vanilla essence and put into refrigerator trays or freezer. When nearly set, take out and whisk briskly, put back and freeze.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Thomas, 16 Loretto St., Subiaco, W.A.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

YOU who have decided to go places this Easter may be wondering whether to have your snappy autumn outfit rushed through or make the most of summer's fading "best."

If Easter weather says "summer clothes," consider putting new life into the old straw with a length or so of ribbon. Let ribbon pick up the brightest color in your freshly cleaned and pressed floral.



IF ants insist on a route march through your home, or decide upon cupboards as suitable commissariats, mix sugar and borax together and sprinkle round. This should get rid of them.

SHOULD you have difficulty in cutting out flimsy materials such as georgette, try dipping your scissors in boiling water, dry, then cut.

TRY boiling an onion in an aluminium saucepan that you've burnt during cooking. The burnt part, I'm told, should rise to the top and leave the saucepan clean.

IF you're unlucky enough to dent your furniture, damp the affected part thoroughly, cover with a pad of cotton-wool and hold a hot iron over the pad. This will raise the dents.

FINE, dry oatmeal applied with a soft flannel, I've been told, will freshen up shabby suede. Try it on your bag or shoes.

BEFORE winter sets in wash your blankets in warm, sudsy water. One at a time, though, for perfect results.



HANDSOME GEORGE, POTATO CROPPER, LOST HIS HEART TO JENNY-DEAR



BEGGED ON BENDED KNEES FOR MARRIAGE, EARNED HIMSELF A WELL-BOKED EAR



EARTH-STAINED HANDS, HEER WON FAIR LADY, "YOU NEED SOLVOL LAD" DAD SAID



DAD PROVED RIGHT, FOR NOT LONG AFTER, JENNY-DEAR AND GEORGE WERE WED.

A GOOD WORKING PARTNER, SOLVOL! Gets grimy, work-stained hands clean quickly and kindly. Deep down into the pores goes Solvol's rich, smooth lather, coaxing out embedded dirt and grease—as gently as a fine toilet soap.



Whenever you wash your hands use **SOLVOL**

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Masonite could easily obsess the mind of the modern fighting man. In camps, on aerodromes, in ships: afloat, ashore, in the air: in munition plants, hospitals and a hundred defence establishments, he finds himself surrounded by Masonite, eating from it, sleeping on it, working on it, depending on it, living in and amongst it. That is because the Army Board, the Navy Board, the Air Board, all choose the Wonder Board — Masonite: And that, incidentally is why, at times, it may be a little difficult for you to procure Masonite — for modernising your home, building that extra room or partition, carrying out the hundred-and-one attractive and useful transformations which give such delight to you and your man. But Masonite is a Board worth waiting for, so congratulations on (and thanks for) your patience.

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